THE

WORKS

OF

WALTER SCOTT, Esq.

VOL. XV.

ROMANCES VOL. VI.

ZWICKAU,

PRINTED FOR BROTHERS SCHUMANN.

1822.

(8)

GUY MANNERING;

OR,

THE ASTROLOGER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF «WAVERLEY.»

'Tis said that words and signs have power
O'er sprites in planetary hour;
But scarce I praise their venturous part,
Who tamper with such dangerous art.

Lay of the Last Minstrel.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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THE ASTROLOGER
OR,
GOD MANNERING:

CHAPTER XVII.

«Heaven first, in its mercy, taught mortals their letters
For ladies in limbo, and lovers in fetters,
Or some author, who, placing his persons before ye,
Ungallantly leaves them to write their own story.

When Mannering returned to England, his first object had been to place his daughter in a seminary for female education, of established character. Not, however, finding her progress in the accomplishments which he wished her to acquire so rapid as his impatience expected, he had withdrawn Miss Mannering from the school at the end of the first quarter. So she had only time to form an eternal friendship with Miss Matilda Marchmont, a young lady about her own age, which was nearly eighteen. To her faithful eye were addressed those for-

midable quires which issued forth from Mervyn-Hall, on the wings of the post, while Miss Mannering was a guest there. The perusal of a few extracts from these may be necessary to render our story intelligible.

First Extract.

«Alas! my dearest Matilda, what a tale is mine to tell! Misfortune from the cradle has set her seal upon your unhappy friend. That we should be severed for so slight a cause — an ungrammatical phrase in my Italian exercise, and three false notes in one of Paesiello's sonatas! But it is a part of my father's character, of whom it is impossible to say, whether I love, admire, or fear him the most. His success in life and in war — his habit of making every obstacle yield before the energy of his exertions, even where they seemed insurmountable, — all these have given a hasty and peremptory cast to his character, which can neither endure contradiction, nor make allowance for deficiencies. Tken he is himself so very accomplished. Do you know there was a murmur, half confirmed too by some mysterious words which dropped from my poor mother, that he possesses other sciences, now

lost to the world, which enable the possessor to summon up before him the dark and shadowy forms of future events! Does not the very idea of such a power, or even of the high talent and commanding intellect which the world may mistake for it, — does it not, dear Matilda, throw a mysterious grandeur about its possessor? You will call this romantic: but consider I was born in the land of talisman and spell, and my childhood lulled by tales which you can only enjoy through the gauzy frippery of a French translation. O Matilda, I wish you could have seen the dusky visages of my Indian attendants, bending in earnest devotion round the magic narrative, that flowed, half poetry, half prose, from the lips of the tale-teller. No wonder that European fiction sounds cold and meagre, after the wonderful effects which I have seen the romances of the East produce upon their hearers."

Second Extract.

"You are possessed, my dear Matilda, of my bosom-secret, in those sentiments with which I regard Brown. I will not say his memory. I am convinced he lives, and is faithful. His addresses to me were countenanced by my de-

ceased parent; imprudently countenanced perhaps, considering the prejudices of my father, in favour of birth and rank. But I, then almost a girl, could not be expected surely to be wiser than her under whose charge nature had placed me. My father, constantly engaged in military duty, I saw but at rare intervals, and was taught to look up to him with more awe than confidence. Would to Heaven it had been otherwise! It might have been better for us all at this day!"

Third Extract.

«You ask me why I do not make known to my father that Brown yet lives, at least that he survived the wound he received in that unhappy duel; and had written to my mother, expressing his entire convalescence, and his hope of speedily escaping from captivity. A soldier, that «in the trade of war has of slain men," feels probably no uneasiness at reflecting upon the supposed catastrophe, which almost turned me into stone. And should I shew him that letter, does it not follow, that Brown, alive and maintaining with pertinacity the pretensions for which my father formerly sought his life, would

be a more formidable disturber of his peace of mind than in his supposed grave? If he escapes from the hands of these marauders, I am convinced he will soon be in England, and it will be then time to consider how his existence is to be disclosed to my father — But if, alas! my earnest and confident hope should betray me, what would it avail to tear open a mystery fraught with so many painful recollections? — My dear mother had such dread of its being known, that I think she even suffered my father to suspect that Brown's attentions were directed towards herself, rather than permit him to discover the real object; and O, Matilda, whatever respect I owe to the memory of a deceased parent, let me do justice to a living one. I cannot but condemn the dubious policy which she adopted, an unjust to my father, and highly perilous to herself and me. — But peace be with her ashes! her actions were guided by the heart rather than the head; and shall her daughter, who inherits all her weakness, be the first to withdraw the veil from her defects?'

Fourth Extract.

Mervyn-Hall.

„If India be the land of magic, this, my dearest Matilda, is the country of romance. The scenery is such as nature brings together in her sublimest moods; — sounding cataracts — hills which rear their scathed heads to the sky — lakes, that, winding up the shadowy valleys, lead at every turn to yet more romantic recesses — rocks which catch the clouds of heaven. All the wildness of Salvator here, and there the fairy scenes of Claude. I am happy too, in finding at least one object upon which my father can share my enthusiasm. An admirer of nature, both as an artist and a poet, I have experienced the utmost pleasure from the observations by which he explains the character and the effect of these brilliant specimens of her power. I wish he would settle in this enchanting land. But his views lie still farther north, and he is at present absent on a tour in Scotland, looking, I believe, for some purchase of land which may suit him as a residence. He is partial, from early recollections, to that country. So, my dearest Matilda, I must be

yet farther removed from you before I am established in a home — And O how delighted shall I be when I can say, come, Matilda, and be the guest of your faithful Julia!

«I am at present the inmate of Mr and Mrs Mervyn, old friends of my father. The latter is precisely a good sort of woman; — lady-like and housewifely, but, for accomplishment or fancy — good lack, my dearest Matilda, your friend might as well seek sympathy from Mrs Teach'em, — you see I have not forgot school nicknames. Mervyn is a different — quite a different being from my father, yet he amuses and endures me. He is fat and good-humoured, gifted with strong shrewd sense, and some powers of humour. I delight to make him scramble to the tops of eminences and to the foot of water-falls, and am obliged in return to admire his turnips, his lucerne, and his timothy grass. He thinks me, I fancy, a simple romantic Miss, with some — (the word will be out) beauty, and some good nature; and I hold that the gentleman has good taste for the female outside, and do not expect he should comprehend my sentiments farther. So he rallies, hands, and hobbless, (for the dear creature has got the gout too,) and tells old stories of high life, of which he has seen a great deal,

and I listen, and smile, and look as pretty and as pleasant as I can, and we do very well.

«But, alas! my dearest Matilda, how would time pass away, even in this paradise of romance, tenanted as it is by a pair assorting so ill with the scenes around them, were it not for your fidelity in replying to my uninteresting details? Pray do not fail to write three times a-week at least — you can be at no loss what to say."

Fifth Extract.

«How shall I communicate what I have now to tell! — My hand and heart still flutter so much, that the task of writing is almost impossible. — Did I not say that he lived? did I not say I would not despair? How could you suggest, my dear Matilda, that my feelings, considering I had parted from him so young, rather arose from the warmth of my imagination than of my heart? — O I was sure that they were genuine, deceitful as the dictates of our bosom so frequently are — But to my tale — let it be, my friend, the most sacred, as it is the most sincere pledge of our friendship.

«Our hours here are early — earlier than my heart, with its load of care, can compose itself to rest. I, therefore, usually take a book for an hour or two after retiring to my own room, which I think I have told you opens to a small balcony, looking down upon that beautiful lake, of which I attempted to give you a slight sketch. Mervyn-Hall, being partly an ancient building, and constructed with a view to defence, is situated on the verge of the lake. A stone dropped from the projecting balcony plunges into water deep enough to float a skiff. I had left my window partly unbarred, that, before I went to bed, I might, according to my custom, look out and see the moonlight shining upon the lake. I was deeply engaged with that beautiful scene in the Merchant of Venice, where two lovers, describing the stillness of a summer night, enhance upon each other its charms, and was lost in the associations of story and of feeling which it awakens, when I heard upon the lake the sound of a flageolet. I have told you it was Brown's favourite instrument. Who could touch it in a night which, though still and serene, was too cold, and too late in the year, to invite forth any wanderer for mere pleasure? I drew yet nearer the window, and hearkened with breathless attention — the sounds paused a space, were then resumed — paused again —

and again reached my ear, ever coming nearer and nearer. At length, I distinguished plainly that little Hindu air which you called my favourite — I have told you by whom it was taught me — the instrument, the tones were his own! — was it earthly music, or notes passing on the wind to warn me of his death?

„It was some time ere I could summon courage to step on the balcony — nothing could have emboldened me to do so but the strong conviction of my mind, that he was still alive, and that we should again meet — but that conviction did embolden me, and I ventured, though with a throbbing heart. There was a small skiff with a single person — O, Matilda, it was himself! — I knew his appearance after so long an absence, and through the shadow of the night, as perfectly as if we had parted yesterday, and met again in the broad sunshine! He guided his boat under the balcony, and spoke to me; I hardly know what he said, or what I replied. Indeed I could scarcely speak for weeping, but they were joyful tears. We were disturbed by the barking of a dog at some distance, and parted, but not before he had conjured me to prepare to meet him at the same place and hour this evening.

«But where and to what is all this tending? — Can I answer this question? I cannot. — Heaven, that saved him from death and delivered him from captivity; that saved my father too, from shedding the blood of one who would not have blemished one hair upon his head, that heaven must guide me out of this labyrinth. Enough for me the firm resolution that Matilda shall not blush for her friend, my father for his daughter, nor my lover for her on whom he has fixed his affection."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Talk with a man out of a window! — a proper saying.

Much ado about Nothing.

We must proceed with our extracts from Miss Mannering's letters, which throw light upon natural good sense, principle, and feelings, blemished by an imperfect education, and the folly of a misjudging mother, who called her husband in her heart a tyrant until she feared him as such, and read romances until she became so enamoured of the complicated intrigues which they contain, as to assume the management of a little family novel of her own, and constitute her daughter, a girl of sixteen, the principal heroine. She delighted in petty mystery, and intrigue, and secrets, and yet trembled at the indignation which these paltry

manœuvres excited in her husband's mind. Thus she frequently entered upon a scheme merely for pleasure, or perhaps for the love of contradiction, plunged deeper into it than she was aware, endeavoured to extricate herself by new arts, or, to cover her error by dissimulation, became involved in meshes of her own weaving, and was forced to carry on, for fear of discovery, machinations which she had at first resorted to in mere wantonness.

Fortunately the young man whom she so imprudently introduced into her intimate society, and encouraged to look up to her daughter, had a fund of principle and honest pride, which rendered him a safer inmate than Mrs Mannering ought to have dared to hope or expect. The obscurity of his birth could alone be objected to him; in every other respect,

With prospects bright upon the world he came,
Pure love of virtue, strong desire of fame;
Men watched the way his lofty mind would take,
And all foretold the progress he would make.

But it could not be expected that he should resist the snare which Mrs Mannering's imprudence threw in his way, or avoid becoming attached to a young lady, whose beauty and manners might have justified his passion, even in scenes where these are more generally met with, than in a remote fortress in our Indian settlements. The scenes which followed have been partly detailed in Mannering's letter to Mr Mervyn; and to expand what is there stated into farther explanation would be to abuse the patience of our readers.

We shall therefore proceed with our promised extracts from Miss Mannering's letters to her friend.

Sixth Extract.

«I have seen him again, Matilda — seen him twice. I have used every argument to convince him that this secret intercourse is dangerous to us both — I even pressed him to pursue his views of fortune without farther regard to me, and to consider my peace of mind as sufficiently secured by the knowledge that he had not fallen under my father's sword. He answers — but how can I detail all he has

to answer? he claims those hopes as his due which my mother permitted him to entertain, and would persuade me to the madness of a union without my father's sanction. But to this, Matilda, I will not be persuaded. I have resisted; I have subdued the rebellious feeling which arose to aid his plea; yet how to extricate myself from this unhappy labyrinth, in which fate and folly have entangled us!

«I have thought upon it, Matilda, till my head is almost giddy — nor can I conceive a better plan than to make a full confession to my father. He deserves it, for his kindness is unceasing; and I think I have observed in his character, since I have studied it more nearly, that his harsher feelings are chiefly excited where he suspects deceit or imposition; and in that respect, perhaps, his character was formerly misunderstood by one who was dear to him. He has, too, a tinge of romance in his disposition; and I have seen the narrative of a generous action, a trait of heroism, or virtuous self-denial, extract tears from him, which refused to flow at a tale of mere distress. But then, Brown urges, that he is personally hostile to him — And the obscurity of his birth — that would be indeed a stumbling block. — O Matilda, I hope none of your an-

cestors ever fought at Poictiers or Agincourt! If it were not for the esteem which my father attaches to the memory of old Sir Miles Mannering, I should make out my explanation with half the tremor which must now attend it.»

Seventh Extract.

«I have this instant received your letter — your most welcome letter! — Thanks, my dearest friend, for your sympathy and your counsels — I can only repay them with unbounded confidence.

«You ask me, what Brown is by origin, that his descent should be so unpleasing to my father. His story is shortly told. He is of Scottish extraction, but being left an orphan, his education was untertaken by a family of relations settled in Holland. He was bred to commerce, and sent very early to one of our settlements in the East, where his guardian had a correspondent. — But this correspondent was dead when he arrived in India, and he had no other resource than to offer himself as a clerk to a counting-house. The breaking out of the war, and the straits to which we were at first reduced, threw the army open to all

young men who were disposed to embrace that mode of life; and Brown, whose genius had a strong military tendency, was the first to leave what might have been the road to wealth, and to chuse that of fame. The rest of his history is well known to you; but conceive the irritation of my father, who despises commerce, (though, by the way, the best part of his property was made in that honourable profession by my great uncle,) and has a particular antipathy to the Dutch; think with what ear he would be likely to receive proposals for his only child from Vanbeest Brown, educated for charity by the house of Vanbeest and Van-bruggen! O, Matilda, it will never do — nay, so childish am I, I hardly can help sympathizing with his aristocratic feelings. Mrs Vanbeest Brown! The name has little to recommend it to be sure. — What children we are!»

Eighth Extract.

«It is all over now, Matilda! — I shall never have courage to tell my father — nay, most deeply do I fear he has already learned my secret from another quarter, which will entirely remove the grace of my communication,

and ruin whatever gleam of hope I had ventured to connect with it. Yesternight, Brown came as usual, and his flageolet on the lake announced his approach. We had agreed that he should continue to use this signal. These romantic lakes attract numerous visitors, who indulge their enthusiasm in visiting the scenery at all hours, and we hoped, that if Brown were noticed from the house, he might pass for one of those admirers of nature, who gave vent to his feelings through the medium of music. The sounds might also be my apology, should I be observed in the balcony. But last night, while I was eagerly enforcing my plan of a full confession to my father, which he as earnestly deprecated, we heard the window of Mr Mervyn's library, which is under my room, open softly. I signed to Brown to make his retreat, and immediately re-entered, with some faint hopes that our interview had not been observed.

«But, alas! Matilda, these hopes vanished the instant I beheld Mr Mervyn's countenance at breakfast the next morning. He looked so provokingly intelligent and confidential, that, had I dared, I could have been more angry than ever I was in my life; but I must be on good behaviour, and my walks are now limited

within his farm precincts, where the good gentleman can amble along by my side without inconvenience. I have detected him once or twice attempting to sound my thoughts, and watch the expression of my countenance. He has talked of the flageolet more than once; and has, at different times, made eulogiums upon the watchfulness and ferocity of his dogs, and the regularity with which the keeper makes his rounds with a loaded fowling-piece. He mentioned even men-traps and spring-guns. I should be loth to affront my father's old friend in his own house; but I do long to show him that I am my father's daughter, a fact of which Mr Mervyn will certainly be convinced, if ever I trust my voice and temper with a reply to these indirect hints. Of one thing I am certain — I am grateful to him on that account — he has not told Mrs Mervyn. Lord help me, I should have had such lectures about the dangers of love and the night air on the lake, the risk arising from colds and fortune-hunters, the comfort and convenience of sack-whey and closed windows! — I cannot help trifling, Matilda, though my heart be sad enough. What Brown will do I cannot guess. I presume, however, the fear ~~of the fear~~ of detection prevents his resuming his nocturnal visit. He lodges at an inn on the opposite shore

of the lake, under the name, he tells me, of Dawson, — he has a bad choice in names, that must be allowed. He has not left the army, I believe, but he says nothing of his present views.

«To complete my anxiety, my father is returned suddenly, and in high displeasure. Our good hostess, as I learned from a bustling conversation between her housekeeper and her, had no expectation of seeing him for a week, but I rather suspect his arrival was no surprise to his friend Mr Mervyn. His manner to me was singularly cold and constrained — sufficiently so to have damped all the courage with which I once resolved to throw myself on his generosity. He lays the blame of his being discomposed and out of humour to the loss of a purchase in the south-west of Scotland, on which he had set his heart; but I do not suspect his equanimity of being so easily thrown off its balance. His first excursion was with Mr Mervyn's barge across the lake, to the inn I have mentioned. You may imagine the agony with which I waited his return — Had he recognized Brown, who can guess the consequence? He returned, however, apparently without having made any discovery. I understand, that, in consequence of his late

disappointment, he means now to hire a house in the neighbourhood of this same Ellangowan, of which I am doomed to hear so much — he seems to think it probable that the estate for which he wishes may soon be again in the market. I will not send away this letter until I hear more distinctly what are his intentions.»

«I have now had an interview with my father, as confidential, as, I presume, he means to allow me. He requested me today after breakfast, to walk with him into the library; my knees, Matilda, shook under me, and, it is no exaggeration to say, I could scarce follow him into the room. I feared I knew not what — From my childhood I had seen all around him tremble at his frown. He motioned me to seat myself, and I never obeyed a command so readily, for, in truth, I could hardly stand. He himself continued to walk up and down the room. You have seen my father, and noticed, I recollect, the remarkably expressive cast of his features. His eyes are rather naturally light in colour, but agitation or anger gives them a darker and more fiery glance; he

has a custom also of drawing in his lips, when much moved, which implies a combat between native ardour of temper and the habitual power of self-command. This was the first time we had been alone since his return from Scotland, and, as he betrayed these tokens of agitation, I had little doubt that he was about to enter upon the subject I most dreaded.

„To my unutterable relief, I found I was mistaken, and that whatever he knew of Mr Mervyn's suspicions or discoveries, he did not intend to converse with me on the topic. Coward as I was, I was inexpressibly relieved, though if he had really investigated the reports which may have come to his ear, the reality could have been nothing to what his suspicions might have conceived. But, though my spirits rose high at my unexpected escape, I had not courage myself to provoke the discussion, and remained silent to receive his commands.

'Julia,' he said, 'my agent writes me from Scotland, that he has been able to hire a house for me, decently furnished, and with the necessary accommodation for my family — it is within three miles of that I had designed to purchase.' — Then he made a pause, and seemed to expect an answer.

'Whatever place of residence suits you, sir, must be perfectly agreeable to me.'

'Umph! — I do not propose, however, Julia, that you shall reside quite alone in this house during the winter.'

«Mr and Mrs Mervyn, thought I to myself. 'Whatever company is agreeable to you, sir.'

'O, there is a little too much of this universal spirit of submission; an excellent disposition in action, but your constantly repeating the jargon of it puts me in mind of the eternal salams of our black dependants in the East. In short, Julia, I know you have a relish for society, and I intend to invite a young person, the daughter of a deceased friend, to spend a few months with us.'

,Not a governess, for the love of Heaven, papa!' exclaimed poor I, my fears at that moment totally getting the better of my prudence.

'No, not a governess, Miss Mannering,' replied the Colonel, somewhat sternly, 'but a young lady from whose excellent example, bred as she has been in the school of adver-

sity, I trust you may learn the art to govern yourself.'

«To answer this was trenching upon too dangerous ground, so there was a pause.

'Is the young lady a Scotchwoman, papa?'

'Yes' — dryly enough.

'Has she much of the accent, sir?'

'Of the devil!' answered my father hastily; 'do you think I care about *a*'s and *aa*'s, and *i*'s and *ee*'s? — I tell you, Julia, I am serious in the matter. You have a genius for friendship, that is, for running up intimacies which you call such — (was not this very harshly said, Matilda?) — Now I wish to give you an opportunity at least to make one deserving friend, and therefore I have resolved that this young lady shall be a member of my family for some months, and I expect you will pay to her that attention which is due to misfortune and virtue.'

'Certainly, sir. — Is my future friend red-haired?'

«He gave me one of his stern glances; you will say, perhaps, I deserved it, but I think

the deuce prompts me with teasing questions on some occasions.

'She is as superior to you, my love, in personal appearance, as in prudence and affection for her friends.'

'Lord, papa, do you think that superiority a recommendation? — Well, sir, but I see you are going to take all this too seriously; whatever the young lady may be, I am sure, being recommended by you, she shall have no reason to complain of my want of attention. — (After a pause) — Has she any attendant? because you know I must provide for her proper accommodation, if she is without one.'

'N — no — no — not properly an attendant — the chaplain who lived with her father is a very good sort of man, and I believe I shall make room for him in the house.'

'Chaplain, papa? Lord bless us!'

'Yes, Miss, chaplain; is there anything very new in that word? had we not a chaplain at the Residence, when we were in India?'

'Yes, papa, but you were a commandant then.'

'So I will be now, Miss Mannering, — in my own family at least.'

'Certainly, sir — but will he read us the church of England service?'

«The apparent simplicity with which I asked this question got the better of his gravity. 'Come, Julia,' he said, 'you are a sad girl, but I gain nothing by scolding you. — Of these two strangers, the young lady is one whom you cannot fail, I think, to love — the person whom, for want of a better term, I called chaplain, is a very worthy, and somewhat ridiculous personage, who will never find out you laugh at him, if you don't laugh very loud indeed.'

'Dear, papa, I am delighted with that part of his character. — But pray, is the house we are going to as pleasantly situated as this?'

'Not perhaps as much to your taste — there is no lake under the windows, and you will be under the necessity of having all your music within doors.'

«This last *coup de main* ended the keen encounter of our wits, for you may believe, Matilda, it quelled all my courage to reply.

«Yet my spirits, as perhaps will appear too manifest from this dialogue, have risen insensibly, and, as it were, in spite of myself. Brown alive, and free, and in England! Embarrassment and anxiety I can and must endure. We leave this in two days for our new residence. I shall not fail to let you know what I think of these Scotch inmates, whom I have but too much reason to believe my father means to quarter in his house as a brace of honourable spies; a sort of Rozencrantz and Guildenstern, one in a cassock, the other in tartan petticoats. What a contrast to the society I would willingly have secured to myself! I shall write instan tly on my arriving at our new place of abode, and acquaint my dearest Matilda with the farther fates of — her Julia Mannering.

CHAPTER XIX.

Which slooping hills around enclose,
Where many a beech and brown oak grows,
Beneath whose dark and branching bowers,
Its tides a far-farmed river pours,
By nature's beauties taught to please,
Sweet Tusculane of rural ease! —

WARTON.

WOODBOURNE, the habitation which Mannering, by Mr Mac-Morlan's mediation, had hired for a season, was a large comfortable mansion, snugly situated beneath a hill covered with wood, which shrouded the house upon the north and east; the front looked upon a little lawn bordered by a grove of old trees; beyond were some arable fields, extending down to the river, which was seen from the windows of the house. A tolerable, though old-fashioned garden, a well-stocked dove-cot, and the possession of any quantity of ground which the convenience

of the family might require, rendered the place in every respect suitable, as the advertisements have it, «for the accommodation of a genteel family."

Here, then, Mannering resolved, for some time at least, to set up the staff of his rest. Though an East-Indian, he was not partial to an ostentatious display of wealth. In fact, he was too proud a man to be a vain one. He resolved, therefore, to place himself upon the footing of a country gentleman of easy fortune, without assuming, or permitting his household to assume, any of the *faste* which then was considered as characteristic of a nabob. He had still his eye upon the purchase of Ellangowan, which Mac-Morlan conceived Mr Glossin would be compelled to part with, as some of the creditors disputed his title to retain so large a part of the purchase-money in his own hands, and his power to pay it was much questioned. In that case Mac-Morlan was assured he would readily give up his bargain, if tempted with something above the price which he had stipulated to pay. It may seem strange, that Mannering was so much attached to a spot which he had seen only once, and that for a short time, in early life. But the circumstances which passed there had laid strong hold on

his imagination. There seemed to be a fate which conjoined the remarkable passages of his own family history with those of the inhabitants of Ellangowan, and he felt a mysterious desire to call the terrace his own, from which he had read in the book of heaven a fortune strangely accomplished in the person of the infant heir of that family, and corresponding so closely with one which had been strikingly fulfilled in his own. Besides, when once this thought had got possession of his imagination, he could not, without great reluctance, brook the idea of his plan being defeated, and by a fellow like Glossin. So pride came to the aid of fancy, and both combined to fortify his resolution to buy the estate if possible.

Let us do Mannering justice. A desire to serve the distressed had also its share in determining him. He had considered the advantages which Julia might receive from the company of Lucy Bertram, whose genuine prudence and good sense could so surely be relied upon. This idea had become much stronger since MacMorlan had confided to him, under the solemn seal of secrecy, the whole of her conduct towards young Hazlewood. To propose to her to become an inmate in his family, if distant from the scenes of youth and the few whom she called

friends, would have been less delicate; but at Woodbourne she might without difficulty be induced to become the visitor of a season, without being depressed into the situation of an humble companion. Lucy Bertram, with some hesitation, accepted the invitation to reside a few weeks with Miss Mannering. She felt too well, that, however the Colonel's delicacy might disguise the truth, his principal motive was a generous desire to afford her his countenance and protection. About the same time she received a letter from Mrs Bertram, the relation to whom she had written, as cold and comfortless as could well be imagined. It inclosed, indeed, a small sum of money, but strongly recommended economy, and that Miss Bertram should board herself in some quiet family, either at Kippletringan or in the neighbourhood, assuring her, that though her own income was very scanty, she would not see her kinswoman want Miss Bertram shed some natural tears over this cold-hearted epistle; for in her mother's time, this good lady had been a guest at Ellangowan for nearly three years, and it was only upon succeeding to a property of about 400*l.* a-year that she had taken farewell of that hospitable mansion, which, otherwise, might have had the honour of sheltering her until the death of its owner. Lucy was strongly inclined

to return the paltry donation, which, after some struggles with avarice, pride had extorted from the old lady. But upon consideration, she contented herself with writing, that she accepted it as a loan, which she hoped in a short time to repay, and consulted her relative upon the invitation she had received from Colonel and Miss Mannering. This time the answer came in course of post, so fearful was Mrs Bertram, that some frivolous delicacy or nonsense, as she termed it, might induce her cousin to reject such a promising offer, and thereby at the same time to leave herself still a burthen upon her relations. Lucy, therefore, had no alternative, unless she preferred continuing a burthen upon the worthy Mac-Morlans, who were too liberal to be rich. Those who had formerly requested the favour of her company, either silently, or with expressions of resentment that she should have preferred Mac-Morlan's invitation to theirs, had gradually withdrawn their notice.

The fate of Dominie Sampson would have been deplorable had it depended upon any one except Mannering, who was an admirer of originality. Mac-Morlan had given a full account of his proceedings towards the daughter of his patron. The answer was a request from Mannering to know, whether the Dominie still pos-

sessed that admirable virtue of taciturnity by which he was so notably distinguished at Ellangowan. Mac-Morlan replied in the affirmative. «Let Mr Sampson know," said the Colonel's next letter, «that I shall want his assistance to catalogue and put in order the library of my uncle, the bishop, which I have ordered to be sent down by sea. I shall also want him to copy and arrange some papers. Fix his salary at what you think befitting. Let the poor man be properly dressed, and accompany his young lady to Woodbourne."

Honest Mac-Morlan received this mandate with great joy, but pondered much upon executing that part of it which related to newly-attiring the worthy Dominie. He looked at him with a scrutinizing eye, and it was but too plain that his present garments were daily waxing more deplorable. To give him money, and bid him go and furnish himself would be only giving him the means of making himself ridiculous; for when such a rare event arrived to Mr Sampson as the purchase of new garments, the additions which he made to his wardrobe, by the guidance of his own taste, usually brought all the boys of the village after him for many days. On the other hand, to bring a tailor to measure him, and send home his clothes, as

for a school-boy, would probably give great offence. At length he resolved to consult Miss Bertram, and request her interference. She assured him, that though she could not pretend to superintend a gentleman's wardrobe, nothing was more easy than to arrange the Dominie's —

«At Ellangowan," she said, «whenever my poor father thought any part of the Dominie's dress wanted renewal, a servant was directed to enter his room by night, for he sleeps as fast as a dor-mouse, carry off the old vestment, and leave the new one; nor could he ever observe that the Dominie exhibited the least consciousness of the change put upon him."

Mac-Morlan, therefore, procured a skilful artist, who, on looking at the Dominie attentively, undertook to make for him two suits of clothes, one black, and one raven-grey, and that they should fit him as well at least, (so the tailor qualified his enterprise,) as a man of such an out-of-theway build could be fitted by merely human needles and shears. When he had accomplished his task, and the dresses were brought home, Mac-Morlan judiciously resolving to accomplish his purpose by degrees, withdrew that evening an important part of his dress, and substituted the new article of raiment in its

stead. Perceiving that this passed totally without notice, he next ventured on the waistcoat, and last upon the coat. When fully metamorphosed, and arrayed for the first time in his life in a decent dress, they did observe, that the Dominie seemed to have some indistinct and embarrassing consciousness that a change had taken place upon his outward man. Whenever they observed this dubious expression gather upon his countenance, accompanied with a glance, that fixed now upon the sleeve of his coat, now upon the knees of his breeches, where he probably missed some antique patching and darning, which, being executed with blue thread upon a black ground, had somewhat the effect of embroidery, they always took care to turn his attention into some other channel, until his garments, «by the aid of use, cleaved to their mould." The only remark he was ever known to make upon the subject was, that «the air of a town like Kippletringan, seemed favourable unto wearing apparel, for he thought his coat looked almost as new as the first day he put it on, which was when he went to stand trial for his licence as a preacher."

When he heard the liberal proposal of Colonel Mannering, he first turned a jealous and doubtful glance towards Miss Bertram, as if he

suspected that the project involved their separation; but when Mr Mac-Morlan hastened to explain that she would be a guest at Woodbourne for some time, he rubbed his huge hands together, and burst into a portentous sort of chuckle, like that of the Afrite in the tale of Caliph Vathek. After this unusual explosion of satisfaction, he remained quite passive in all the rest of the transaction.

It had been settled that Mr and Mrs Mac-Morlan should take possession of the house a few days before Mannering's arrival, both to put every thing in perfect order, and to make the transference of Miss Bertram's residence from their family to his as easy and delicate as possible. Accordingly, in the beginning of the month of December, the party were settled at Woodbourne.

CHAPTER XX.

«A gigantic genius, fit to grapple with whole libraries."

BOSWELL'S Life of JOHNSON.

THE appointed day arrived, when the Colonel and Miss Mannering were expected at Woodbourne. The hour was fast approaching, and the little circle within doors had each their separate subjects of anxiety. Mac-Morlan naturally desired to attach to himself the patronage and countenance of a person of Mannering's wealth and consequence. He was aware, from his knowledge of mankind, that Mannering, though generous and benevolent, had the foible of expecting and exacting a minute compliance with his directions. He was therefore racking his recollection to discover if every thing had been arranged to meet the Colonel's wishes and instructions, and, under this uncertainty of

mind, he traversed the house more than once from the garret to the stables. Mrs Mac-Morlan revolved in a lesser orbit, comprehending the dining parlour, housekeeper's room, and kitchen. She was only afraid that the dinner might be spoiled, to the discredit of her housewifely accomplishments. Even the usual passiveness of the Dominie was so far disturbed, that he twice went to the window, which looked out upon the avenue, and twice exclaimed, "Why tarry the wheels of their chariot?" Lucy, the most quiet of the expectants, had her own melancholy thoughts. She was now about to be consigned to the charge, almost to the benevolence, of strangers, with whose character, though hitherto very amiably displayed, she was but imperfectly acquainted. The moments, therefore, of suspense passed anxiously and heavily.

At length the trampling of horses, and the sound of wheels, were heard. The servants, who had already arrived, drew up in the hall to receive their master and mistress, with an importance and *empressement*, which, to Lucy, who had never been accustomed to society, or witnessed what is called the manners of the great, had something alarming. Mac-Morlan went to the door to receive the master and mis-

tress of the family, and in a few moments they were in the drawing-room.

Mannering, who had travelled as usual on horseback, entered with his daughter hanging upon his arm. She was of the middle size, or rather less, but formed with much elegance; piercing dark eyes, and jet-black hair of great length, corresponded with the vivacity and intelligence of features, in which were blended a little haughtiness, and a little bashfulness, a great deal of shrewdness, and some power of humorous sarcasm. «I shall not like her," was the result of Lucy Bertram's first glance; «and yet I rather think I shall," was the thought excited by the second.

Miss Mannering was furred and mantled up to the throat against the severity of the weather; the Colonel in his military great coat. He bowed to Mrs Mac-Morlan, whom his daughter also acknowledged with a fashionable courtesy, not dropped so low as at all to incommode her person. The Colonel then led his daughter up to Miss Bertram, and, taking the hand of the latter, with an air of great kindness, and almost paternal affection, he said, «Julia, this is the young lady whom I hope our good friends have prevailed on to honour our house with a long

visit. I shall be much gratified indeed if you can render Woodbourne as pleasant to Miss Bertram, as Ellangowan was to me when I first came as a wanderer into this country."

The young lady curtsied acquiescence, and took her new friend's hand. Mannering now turned his eye upon the Dominie, who had made bows since his entrance into the room, sprawling out his leg, and bending his back like an automaton, which continues to repeat the same movement until the motion is stopped by the artist. «My good friend, Mr Sampson," — said Mannering, introducing him to his daughter, and darting at the same time a reproving glance at the damsel, notwithstanding he had himself some disposition to join her too obvious inclination to risibility: «This gentleman, Julia, is to put my books in order when they arrive, and I expect to derive great advantage from his extensive learning."

«I am sure we are obliged to the gentleman, papa, and, to borrow a ministerial mode of giving thanks, I shall never forget the extraordinary countenance he has been pleased to shew us. — But, Miss Bertram," continued she hastily, for her father's brows began to darken, «we have travelled a good way, — will you permit me to retire before dinner?"

This intimation dispersed all the company, save the Dominie, who, having no idea of dressing but when he was to rise, or of undressing but when he meant to go to bed, remained by himself, chewing the cud of a mathematical demonstration, until the company again assembled in the drawing-room, and from thence adjourned to the dining-parlour.

When the day was concluded, Mannering took an opportunity to hold a minute's conversation with his daughter in private.

«How do you like your guests, Julia?"

«O, Miss Bertram of all things — but this is a most original parson — why, dear sir, no human being will be able to look at him without laughing."

«While he is under my roof, Julia, every one must learn to do so."

«Lord, papa, the very footmen could not keep their gravity!"

Then let them strip off my livery, and laugh at their leisure. Mr Sampson is a man whom I esteem for his simplicity and benevolence of character."

«O, I am convinced of his generosity too," said this lively lady; «he cannot lift a spoonful of soup to his mouth without bestowing a share on every thing round."

«Julia, you are incorrigible; — but remember, I expect your mirth on this subject shall be under such restraint, that it shall neither offend this worthy man's feelings, nor those of Miss Bertram, who may be more apt to feel upon his account than he on his own. And so, good night, my dear, and recollect, that though Mr Sampson has not sacrificed to the graces, there are many things in this world more truly deserving of ridicule than either awkwardness of manners or simplicity of character." —

In a day or two Mr and Mrs Mac-Morlan left Woodbourne, after taking an affectionate farewell of their late guest. The household were now settled in their new quarters. The young ladies followed their studies and amusements together. Colonel Mannering was agreeably surprised to find that Miss Bertram was well skilled in French and Italian, thanks to the assiduity of Dominie Sampson, whose labour had silently possessed him of most modern as well as ancient languages. Of music she knew little or nothing,

but her new friend undertook to give her lessons; in exchange for which, she learned from Lucy the habit of walking, and the art of riding, and the courage necessary to defy the season. Mannering was careful to substitute for their amusement in the evening such books as might convey some solid instruction with entertainment, and, as he read aloud with great skill and taste, the winter nights passed pleasantly away.

Society was quickly formed where there were so many inducements. Most of the families of the neighbourhood visited Colonel Mannering, and he was soon able to select from among them such as best suited his taste and habits. Charles Hazlewood held a distinguished place in his favour, and was a frequent visitor, not without the consent and approbation of his parents; for there was no knowing, they thought, what assiduous attention might produce, and the beautiful Miss Mannering, with an Indian fortune, was a prize worth looking after. Dazzled with such a prospect, they never considered the risk which had once been some object of their apprehension, that his boyish and inconsiderate fancy might form an attachment to the pennyless Lucy Bertram, who had nothing on earth to recommend her, but a pretty face, good birth, and a most amiable disposition.

Mannering was more prudent. He considered himself acting as Miss Bertram's guardian, and, while he did not think it incumbent upon him altogether to check her intercourse with a young gentleman, for whom, excepting in wealth, she was a match in every respect, he laid it under such insensible restraints as might prevent any engagement or eclaircissement taking place until the young man should have seen a little more of life and of the world, and have attained that age when he might be considered as entitled to judge for himself in the matter in which his happiness was chiefly interested.

While these matters engaged the attention of the other members of the Woodbourne family, Dominie Sampson was engaged, body and soul, in the arrangement of the late bishop's library, which had been sent from Liverpool by sea, and conveyed by thirty or forty carts from the sea-port at which it was landed. Sampson's joy at beholding the ponderous contents of these chests arranged upon the floor of the apartment, from whence he was to transfer them to the shelves, baffled all description. He grinned like an ogre, swung his arms like the sails of a windmill, shouted «prodigious!» till the roof rung to his raptures. «He had never,» he said,

«seen so many books together, except in the College Library;" and now his dignity and delight in being superintendant of the collection, raised him, in his own opinion, almost to the rank of the academical librarian, whom he had always regarded as the greatest and happiest man on earth. Neither were his transports diminished upon a hasty examination of the contents of these volumes. Some, indeed, of belles lettres, poems, plays, or memoirs, he tossed indignantly aside, with the implied censure of «psha," or «frivolous;" but the greater and bulkier part of the collection bore a very different character. The deceased prelate, a divine of the old and deeply-learned cast, had loaded his shelves with volumes which displayed the antique and venerable attributes so happily described by a modern poet;

That weight of wood, with leathern coat o'erlaid,
Those ample clasps of solid metal made,
The close-press'd leaves unclosed for many an age,
The dull red edging of the well fill'd page,
On the broad back the stubborn ridges roll'd,
Where yet the title stands in tarnish'd gold.

Books of theology and controversial divinity, commentaries, and polyglots, sets of the fathers, and sermons, which might each furnish forth ten brief discourses of modern date, books of science, ancient and modern, classical authors in their best and rarest forms; such formed the late bishop's venerable library, and over such the eye of Dominie Sampson gloated with rapture. He entered them in the catalogue in his best running hand, forming each letter with the accuracy of a lover writing a valentine, and placed each individually on the destined shelf with all the reverence which I have seen a lady pay to a jar of old china. With all this zeal his labours advanced slowly. He often opened a volume when half-way up the library steps, fell upon some interesting passage, and, without shifting his inconvenient posture, continued immersed in the fascinating perusal until the servant pulled him by the skirts to assure him that dinner waited. He then repaired to the parlour, bolted his food down his capacious throat in squares of three inches, answered aye and no at random to whatever question was asked at him, and again hurried back to the library, so soon as his napkin was removed.

«How happily the days
Of Thalaba went by!»

And having thus left the principal characters of our tale in a situation, which, being sufficiently comfortable to themselves, is, of course, utterly uninteresting to the reader, we take up the history of a person who has as yet only been named, and who has all the interest that uncertainty and misfortune can give.

CHAPTER XXI.

What say'st thou, Wise-One? — that all powerful Love
Can fortune's strong impediments remove;
Nor is it strange that worth should wed to worth,
The pride of genius with the bride of birth.

CRABBE.

V. BROWN — I will not give at full length his thrice unhappy name — had been from infancy a ball for fortune to spurn at; but nature had given him that elasticity of mind which rises higher from the rebound. His form was tall, manly, and active, and his features corresponded with his person; for, although far from regular, they had an expression of intelligence and good humour, and when he spoke, or was particularly animated, might be

decidedly pronounced interesting. His manner indicated a good deal the military profession, which had been his choice, and in which he had now attained the rank of captain, the person who succeeded Colonel Mannering in his command having laboured to repair the injustice which Brown had sustained by that gentleman's prejudice against him. But this, as well as his liberation from captivity, had taken place after Mannering had left India. Brown followed at no distant period, his regiment being recalled home. His first enquiry was after the family of Mannering, and, easily learning their route northward, he followed it with the purpose of resuming his addresses to Julia. With her father he deemed he had no measures to keep; for, ignorant of the more venomous belief which had been instilled into the Colonel's mind, he regarded him as an oppressive aristocrat, who had used his power as a commanding officer to deprive him of the preferment due to his behaviour, and who had forced upon him a personal quarrel, without any better reason than his attentions to a pretty young woman, agreeable to herself, and permitted and countenanced by her mother. He was determined, therefore, to take no rejection unless from the young lady herself, believing that the heavy misfortunes of his painful wound

and imprisonment were direct injuries received from the father, which might dispense with his using much ceremony towards him. How far his scheme had succeeded when his nocturnal visit was discovered by Mr Mervyn, our readers are already informed.

Upon this unpleasant occurrence, Captain Brown absented himself from the inn in which he had resided under the name of Dawson, so that Colonel Mannering's attempts to discover and trace him were unavailing. He resolved, however, that no difficulties should prevent his continuing his enterprise, while Julia left him a ray of hope. The interest he had secured in her bosom was such as she had been unable to conceal from him, and with all the courage of romantic gallantry he determined upon perseverance. But we believe the reader will be as well pleased to learn his mode of thinking and intentions from his own communication to his special friend and confidant, Captain Delaserre, a Swiss gentleman, who had a company in his regiment.

Extract.

«Let me hear from you soon, dear Delaserre. — Remember I can learn nothing about

regimental affairs but through your friendly medium, and I long to know what has become of Ayre's court-martial, and whether Elliot gets the majority; also how recruiting comes on, and how the young officers like the mess. Of our kind friend, the Lieutenant-Colonel, I need ask nothing; I saw him as I passed through Nottingham, happy in the bosom of his family. What a happiness it is, Philip, for us poor devils, that we have a little resting-place between the camp and the grave, if we can manage to escape disease, and steel, and lead, and the effects of hard living. A retired old soldier is always a graceful and respected character — he grumbles a little now and then, but then his is licensed murmuring — were a lawyer, or a physician, or a clergyman, to breathe a complaint of hard luck or want of preferment, a hundred tongues would blame his own incapacity as the cause. But the most stupid veteran that ever faultered out the thrice-told tale of a siege and a battle, and a cock and a bottle, is listened to with sympathy and reverence when he shakes his thin locks, and talks with indignation of the boys that are put over his head. And you and I, Delaserre, foreigners both, — for what am I the better that I was originally a Scotchman, since, could I prove my descent, the English

would hardly acknowledge me a countryman? — we may boast that we have fought out our preferment, and gained that by the sword which we had not money to compass otherwise. The English are a wise people. While they praise themselves, and affect to undervalue all other nations, they leave us, luckily, trap-doors and back-doors open, by which we strangers, less favoured by nature, may arrive at a share of their advantages. And thus they are, in some respects, like a boastful landlord, who exalts the value and flavour of his six-years-old mutton, while he is delighted to dispense a share of it to all the company. In short, you, whose proud family, and I, whose hard fate, made us soldiers of fortune, have the pleasant recollection, that, in the British service, stop where we may upon our career, it is only for want of money to pay the turnpike, and not from our being prohibited to travel the road. If, therefore, you can persuade little Weischel to come into *ours*, for God's sake let him buy the ensigncy, live prudently, mind his duty, and trust to the fates for promotion.

«And now, I hope you are expiring with curiosity to learn the end of my romance. I told you I had deemed it convenient to make

a few days tour on foot among the mountains of Westmoreland, with Dudley, a young English artist, with whom I have formed some acquaintance. A fine fellow this, you must know, Delaserre — he paints tolerably, draws beautifully, converses well, and plays charmingly on the flute; and, though thus well entitled to be a coxcomb of talent, is, in fact, a modest unpretending young man. Upon our return from our little tour, I learned that the enemy had been reconnoitring. Mr Mervyn's barge had crossed the lake, I was informed by my landlord, with the squire himself and a visitor.

'What sort of person, landlord?'

'Why, he was a dark officer-looking mon, at they called colonel — Squoire Mervyn questioned me as close as had I been at sizes — I had a guess, Mr Dawson' (I told you that was my feigned name) — 'But I tould him nought of your vagaries, and going out a-laking, in the mere a noights — not I — an I can make no sport I'se spoil none — and Squoire Mervyn's as cross as poy-crust too, mon — he's aye maundering an my guests but land beneath his house, though it be marked for the fourth station in the Survey. Noa, noa, e'en

let un smell things out o' themselves for Joe Hodges.' —

„You will allow there was nothing for it after this, but paying honest Joe Hodges' bill, and departing, unless I had preferred making him my confidant, for which I felt in no shape inclined. Besides, I learned that our *ci-devant* colonel was on full retreat for Scotland, carrying off poor Julia along with him. I understand from those who conduct the heavy baggage, that he takes his winter quarters at a place called Woodbourne, in — shire in Scotland. He will be all on the alert just now, so I must let him enter his entrenchments without any new alarm. And then, my good colonel, to whom I owe so many grateful thanks, pray look to your defence.

„I protest to you, Delaserre, I often think there is a little contradiction enters into the ardour of my pursuit. I think I would rather bring this haughty insulting man to the necessity of calling his daughter Mrs Brown, than I would wed her with his full consent, and with the king's permission to change my name for the style and arms of Mannering, though his whole fortune went with them. There is

only one circumstance that chills me a little — Julia is young and romantic. I would not willingly hurry her into a step which her riper years might disapprove — no; — nor would I like to have her upbraid me, were it but with a glance of her eye, with having ruined her fortunes — far less give her reason to say, as some have not been slow to tell their lords, that, had I left her time for consideration, she would have been wiser, and done better. No, Delaserre — this must not be. The picture presses close upon me, because I am aware a girl in Julia's situation has no distinct and precise idea of the value of the sacrifice she makes. She knows difficulties only by name, and if she thinks of love and a farm, it is a *ferme ornée*, such as is only to be found in poetic description, or in the park of a gentleman of twelve thousand a-year. She would be ill prepared for the privations of that real Swiss cottage we have so often talked of, and for the difficulties which must necessarily surround us even before we attained that haven. This must be a point clearly ascertained. Although Julia's beauty and playful tenderness have made an impression on my heart never to be erased, I will be satisfied that she perfectly understands the advantages she foregoes, before she sacrifices them for my sake.

«Am I too proud, Delaserre, when I trust that even this trial may terminate favourably to my wishes? — Am I too vain when I suppose, that the few personal qualities which I possess, with means of competence however moderate, and the determination of consecrating my life to her happiness, may make amends for all I must call upon her to forego? Or will a difference of dress, of attendance, of stile, as it is called, of the power of shifting at pleasure the scenes in which she seeks amusement, — will these outweigh, in her estimation, the prospect of domestic happiness, and the interchange of unabating affection? I say nothing of her father; — his good and evil qualities are so strangely mingled, that the former are neutralized by the latter, and that which she must regret as a daughter is so much blended with what she would gladly escape from, that I place the separation of the father and child as a circumstance which weighs little in her remarkable case. Meantime I keep up my spirits as I may. I have incurred too many hardships and difficulties to be presumptuous or confident in success, and I have been too often and too wonderfully extricated from them to be despondent.

«I wish you saw this country. I think the scenery would delight you. At least it often

brings to my recollection your glowing descriptions of your native country. To me in a great measure it has the charm of novelty. Of the Scottish hills, though born among them, as I have always been assured, I have but an indistinct recollection. Indeed my memory rather dwells upon the blank which my youthful mind experienced in gazing on the levels of the isle of Zealand than on any thing which preceded that feeling; but I am confident, from that sensation, as well as from the recollection which preceded it, that hills and rocks have been familiar to me at an early period, and that, though now only remembered by contrast, and by the blank which I felt while gazing around for them in vain, they must have made an indelible impression on my infant imagination. I remember when we first mounted that celebrated pass in the Mysore country, while most of the others felt only awe and astonishment at the height and grandeur of the scenery, I rather shared your feelings and those of Cameron, whose admiration of these wild rocks was blended with familiar love, derived from early association. Despite my Dutch education, a blue hill to me is as a friend, and a roaring torrent like the sound of a domestic song that has soothed my infancy.

I never felt the impulse so strongly as in this land of lakes and mountains, and nothing grieves me so much as that the duty prevents your being with me in my numerous excursions among its recesses. Some drawings I have attempted, but I succeed vilely — Dudley, on the contrary, draws delightfully, with that rapid touch which seems like magic, while I labour and botch, and make this too heavy, and that too light, and produce at last a base caricature. I must stick to the flageolet, for music is the only one of the fine arts which deigns to acknowledge me.

«Did you know that Colonel Mannering was a draughtsman? — I believe not, for he scorned to display his accomplishments to the view of a subaltern. He draws beautifully however. Since he and Julia left Mervyn-Hall, Dudley was sent for there. The squire, it seems, wanted a set of drawings made up, of which Mannering had done the first four, but was interrupted, by his hasty departure, in his purpose of completing them. Dudley says he has seldom seen any thing so masterly, though slight; and each had attached to it a short poetical description. Is Saul, you will say, among the prophets? — Colonel Mannering

write poetry! — Why surely this man must have taken all the pains to conceal his accomplishments that others do to display theirs. How proud and unsociable he appeared among us — how little disposed to enter into any conversation which could become generally interesting? — And then his attachment to that unworthy Archer, so much below him in every respect; and all this, because he was the brother of Viscount Archerfield, a poor Scottish peer! I think if Archer had longer survived the wounds in the affair of Cuddyboram, he would have told something that might have thrown light upon the inconsistencies of this singular man's character. He repeated to me more than once, 'I have that to say which will alter your hard opinion of our late Colonel.' But death pressed him too hard; and if he owed me any atonement, which some of his expressions seemed to imply, he died before it could be made.

«I propose to make a farther excursion through this country while this fine frosty weather serves, and Dudley, almost as good a walker as myself, goes with me for some part of the way. We part on the borders of Cumberland, when he must return to his lodgings

in Marybone, up three pair of stairs, and labour at what he calls the commercial part of his profession. There cannot, he says, be such a difference betwixt any two portions of existence, as between that in which the artist, if an enthusiast, collects the subjects of his drawings, and that which must necessarily be dedicated to turning over his port-folio, and exhibiting them to the provoking indifference, or more provoking criticism, of fashionable amateurs. ,During the summer of my year,' says Dudley, 'I am as free as a wild Indian, enjoying myself at liberty amid the grandest scenes of nature; while, during my winters and springs, I am not only cabined, cribbed, and confined in a miserable garret, but condemned to as intolerable subservience to the humour of others, and to as indifferent company, as if I were a literal galley-slave.' I have promised him your acquaintance, Delaserre; you will be delighted with his specimens of art, and he with your Swiss fanaticism for mountains and torrents.

« When I lose Dudley's company, I am informed that I can easily enter Scotland by stretching across a wild country in the upper part of Cumberland; and that route

I shall follow, to give the Colonel time to pitch his camp ere I reconnoitre his position. — Adieu! Delaserre — I shall hardly find another opportunity of writing till I reach Scotland.»

CHAPTER XXII.

Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,
And merrily bend the stile a;
A merry heart goes all the day,
A sad one tires in a mile a.

WINTER'S TALE.

LET the reader conceive to himself a clear frosty November morning, the scene an open heath, having for the back-ground that huge chain of mountains in which Skiddaw and Saddleback are pre-eminent; let him look along that *blind road*, by which I mean that track so slightly marked by the passengers' footsteps, that it can but be traced by a slight shade of verdure from the darker heath around it, and, being only visible to the eye when at some distance, ceases to be distinguished while the

foot is actually treading it — along this faintly-traced path advances the object of our present narrative. His firm step, his erect and free carriage, have a military air, which corresponds well with his well-proportioned limbs, and stature of six feet high. His dress is so plain and simple that it indicates nothing as to rank — it may be that of a gentleman who travels in this manner for his pleasure, or of an inferior person of whom it is the proper and usual garb. Nothing can be on a more reduced scale than his travelling equipment. A volume of Shakspeare in one pocket, a small bundle with a change of linen in the other, an oaken cudgel in his hand, complete our pedestrian's accommodations, and in this equipage we present him to our readers.

Brown had parted that morning from his friend Dudley, and began his solitary walk towards Scotland.

The first two or three miles were rather melancholy, from want of the society to which he had of late been accustomed. But this unusual mood of his mind soon gave way to the influence of his natural good spirits, excited by the exercise and the bracing effects of the

frosty air. He whistled as he went along, not «from want of thought,« but to give vent to those buoyant feelings which he had no other mode of expressing. For each peasant whom he chanced to meet, he had a kind greeting or a good-humoured jest; the hardy Cumbrians grinned as they passed, and said, «That's a kind heart, God bless un!» and the market-girl looked more than once over her shoulder at the athletic form, which corresponded so well with the frank and blithe address of the stranger. A rough terrier dog, his constant companion, who rivalled his master in glee, scampered at large in a thousand wheels round the heath, and came back to jump up on him, and assure him that he participated in the pleasure of the journey. Dr Johnson thought life had few things better than the excitation produced by being whirled rapidly along in a post-chaise; but he who has in youth experienced the confident and independent feeling of a stout pedestrian in an interesting country, and during fine weather, will hold the taste of the great moralist cheap in comparison.

Part of Brown's view in chusing that unusual track which leads through the eastern wilds of Cumberland into Scotland, had been a desire

to view the remains of the celebrated Roman Wall, which are more visible in that direction than in any other part of its extent. His education had been imperfect and desultory; but neither the busy scenes in which he had been engaged, nor the pleasures of youth, nor the precarious state of his own circumstances, had diverted him from the task of mental improvement. — «And this then is the Roman Wall," said he, scrambling up to a height which commanded the course of that celebrated work of antiquity: «What a people! whose labours, even at this extremity of their empire, comprehended such space, and were executed upon a scale of such grandeur! In future ages, when the science of war shall have changed, how few traces will exist of the labours of Vauban and Coehorn, while this wonderful people's remains will even then continue to interest and astonish posterity! Their fortifications, their aqueducts, their theatres, their fountains, all their public works, bear the grave, solid, and majestic character of their language; and our modern labours, like our modern tongues, seem but constructed out of their fragments.» Having thus moralized, he remembered that he was hungry, and pursued his walk to a small public-house, at which he proposed to get some refreshment.

The ale-house, for it was no better, was situated in the bottom of a little dell, through which trilled a small rivulet. It was shaded by a large ash tree, against which the clay-built shed, that served the purpose of a stable, was erected, and upon which it seemed partly to recline. In this shed stood a saddled horse, employed in eating his corn. The cottages in this part of Cumberland partake of the rudeness which characterizes those of Scotland. The outside of this house promised little for the interior, notwithstanding the vaunt of a sign, where a tankard of ale voluntarily decanted itself into a tumbler, and a hieroglyphical scrawl below attempted to express a promise of « good entertainment for men and horse. » Brown was no fastidious traveller — he stooped and entered the cabaret.

The first object which caught his eye in the kitchen, was a tall, stout, country-looking man, in a large jockey great-coat, the owner of the horse which stood in the shed, who was busy discussing huge slices of cold boiled beef, and casting from time to time an eye through the window, to see how his steed sped with his provender. A large tankard of ale flanked his plate of victuals, to which he applied himself by intervals. The good woman

of the house was employed in baking. The fire, as is usual in that country, was made on a stone hearth in the midst of an immensely large chimney, which had two seats extended beneath the vent. On one of these sat a remarkably tall woman, in a red cloak and slouched bonnet, with the appearance of a tinker or beggar. She was busily engaged with a short black tobacco-pipe.

At the request of Brown for some food, the landlady wiped with her mealy apron one corner of the deal table, placed a wooden trencher and knife and fork before the traveller, pointed to the round of beef, recommended Mr Dinmont's good example, and, finally, filled a brown pitcher with her home-brewed. Brown lost no time in doing ample credit to both. For a while his opposite neighbour and he were too busy to take much notice of each other, except by a good-humoured nod as each in turn raised the tankard to his head. At length, when our pedestrian began to supply the wants of little Wasp, the Scotch store-farmer, for such was Mr Dinmont, found himself at leisure to enter into conversation.

«A bonnie terrier that, sir — and a fell chield at the vermin, I warrant him — that

is, if he's been weel entered, for it a' lies in that."

«Really, sir, his education has been somewhat neglected, and his chief property is being a pleasant companion."

«Ay, sir? that's a pity, begging your pardon — it's a great pity that — beast or body, education should aye be minded. I have six terriers at hame, forbye other dogs. There's auld Pepper and auld Mustard, and young Pepper and young Mustard, and little Pepper and little Mustard — I had them a' regularly entered, first wi' rottens — then wi' stots or weazles — and then wi' the tods and brocks — and now they fear naething that ever cam wi' a hairy skin on't."

«I have no doubt, sir, they are thorough bred — but, to have so many dogs, you seem to have a very limited variety of names for them?"

«O, that's a fancy of my ain to mark the breed, sir — The deuke himsell has sent as far as Charlies-hope to get ane o' Dandy Dinmont's Pepper and Mustard terriers — Lord, man, he sent Jamie Grieve the keeper, and

sicken a day as we had wi' the foumarts and the tods, and sicken a blythe gae-down as we had again e'en! Faith, that was a night!»

«I suppose game is very plenty with you?»

»Plenty, man! — I believe there's mair hares than sheep on my farm; and for the moor-fowl, or the grey-fowl, they lie as thick as doo's in a dooket — Did ye ever shoot a black-cock, man?«

»Really I had never even the pleasure to see one, except in the museum at Keswick.»

«There now — I could guess that by your Southland tongue. It's very odd of these English folk that come here, how few of them has seen a black-cock — I'll tell you what — ye seem to be an honest lad, and if you'll call on me — on Dandy Dinmont — at Charlieshope — ye shall see a black-cock, and shoot a black-cock, and eat a black-cock too, man.«

«Why, the proof of the matter is the eating, to be sure, sir; and I shall be happy if I can find time to accept your invitation.

«Time, man? what ails ye to gae hame wi' me now? how d'ye travel?»

«On foot, sir; and if that handsome poney be yours, I should find it impossible to keep up with you.»

«No unless ye can walk up to fourteen mile an hour — But ye can come ower the night as far as Riccarton, where there is a public — or if ye like to stop at Jockey Grieve's at the Heuch, they would be blithe to see ye, and I am just gaun to stop and drink a dram at the door wi' him, and I would tell him you're coming up — or stay — gudewife, could ye lend this gentleman the gudeman's galloway, and I'll send it ower the Waste in the morning wi' the callant?»

The galloway was turned out upon the fell, and was swear to catch — «Aweel, aweel, there's nae help for't, but come up the morn at ony rate. — And now, gudewife, I maun ride, to get to the Liddel or it be dark, for your Waste has but a kittle character, ye ken yoursell.»

«Fie, fie, Mr Dinmont, that's no like you, to gie the country an ill name — I wot, there

has been nane stirred in the Waste since Sawney Culloch, the travelling merchant, that Rowley Overdees and Jock Penny suffered for at Carlisle twa year since. There's no ane in Bewcastle would do the like o' that now — we be a' true folk now."

"Ay, Tib, that will be when the deil's blind, — and his e'en's no sair yet. But hear ye, gudewife, I have been through maist feck o' Galloway and Dumfries-shire, and I have been round by Carlisle, and I was at the Staneshiebank fair the day, and I would like ill to be rubbit sae near hame, so I'll take the gate."

"Hae ye been in Dumfries and Galloway?" said the old dame, who sate smoking by the fire-side, and who had not yet spoke a word.

"Troth have I, gudewife, and a weary round I've had o't."

"Then ye'll maybe ken a place they ca' Ellangowan?"

"Ellangowan, that was Mr Bertram's?" — I ken the place weel eneugh. The Laird died about a fortnight since, as I heard."

«Died!» said the old woman, dropping her pipe, rising and coming forward upon the floor — «died! — are ye sure of that?»

«Troth, am I,» said Dinmont, «for it made nae sma' noise in the country-side. He died just at the roup of the stocking and furniture; it stoppit the roup, and mony folk were disappointed. They said he was the last of an auld family too, and mony were sorry — for gude blude's scarcer in Scotland than it has been.»

«Dead!» replied the old woman, whom our readers have already recognised as their acquaintance Meg Merrilies — «dead! that quits a' scores. And did ye say he died without an heir?»

«Ay did he, gudewife, and the estate's sell'd by the same token; for they said, they could nae have sell'd it, if there had been an heirmale.»

«Sell'd!» echoed the gypsy, with something like a scream, «and wha durst buy Ellangowan that was not of Bertram's blude? — and wha could tell whether the bonny knave-bairn may

not come back to claim his ain? — wha durst buy the estate and the castle of Ellangowan?»

«Troth, gudewife, just ane o' thae writer chields that buys a' thing — they ca' him Glossin, I think.»

«Glossin! — Gibbie Glossin! — that I have carried in my creels a hundred times, for his mother was nae muckle better than mysell — he to presume to buy the barony of Ellangowan! — Gude be wi' us — it is an awfu' warld! — I wished him ill — but no sic a downfa' as a' that neither — waes me! waes me to think o't!» — She remained a moment silent, but still opposing with her hand the farmer's retreat, who, betwixt every question, was about to turn his back, but good-humouredly stopped on observing the deep interest his answers appeared to excite.

«It will be seen and heard of — earth and sea will not hold their peace langer! — Can ye say if the same man be now the Sheriff of the county, that has been sae for some years past?»

«Na, he's got some other birth in Edinburgh, they say — but gudeday, gudewife, I maun

ride. » — She followed him to his horse, and, while he drew the girths of his saddle, adjusted the walise, and put on the bridle, still plied him with questions concerning Mr Bertram's death, and the fate of his daughter; on which, however, she could obtain little information from the honest farmer.

«Did ye ever see a place they ca' Derncleugh, about a mile frae the Place of Ellangowan?»

«I wot weel have I, gudewife, — a wild-looking den it is, wi' a whin auld was o' shealings yonder — I saw it when I gaed ower the ground wi' ane that wanted to take the farm.»

«It was a blithe bit ance!» said Meg, speaking to hersell — » Did ye notice of there was an auld saugh tree that's maist blawn down, but yet its roots are in the earth, and it hangs ower the bit burn — mony a day hae I wrought my stocking, and sat on my sunkie under that saugh.»

«Hout, de'il's i' the wife, wi' her saughs, and her sunkies, and Ellangowans — Godsake,

woman, let me away — there's saxpence t'ye to buy half a mutchkin, instead o' clavering about thae auld-warld stories."

"Thanks to ye, good-man — and now ye hae answered a' my questions, and never speired wherefore I asked them, I'll gie you a bit canny advice, and ye mauna spier what for neither. Tib Mumps will be out wi' the stirrup-dram in a gliffing — She'll ask ye whether ye gang ower Willie's brae, or through Conscowthart-moss — tell her ony ane ye like, but be sure (speaking low and emphatically) to tak the ane ye dinna tell her." The farmer laughed and promised, and the gypsy retreated.

"Will you take her advice?" said Brown, who had been an attentive listener to this conversation.

"That will I no — the randy quean! — Na, I had far rather Tib Mumps kenn'd which way I was gaun than her — though Tib's no muckle to lippen to neither, and I would wish ye on no account to stay in the house a' night."

In a moment after, Tib, the landlady, appeared with her stirrup-cup, which was taken

off. She then, as Meg had predicted, enquired whether he went the hill or the moss road. He answered, the latter; and, having bid Brown good-bye, and again told him, «he depended on seeing him at Charlies hope, the morn at latest," he rode off at a round pace.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Gallows and knock are too powerful on the highway.

Winter's Tale.

The hint of the hospitable farmer was not lost on Brown. But, while he paid his reckoning, he could not avoid repeatedly fixing his eyes on Meg Merrilies. She was, in all respects, the same witch-like figure as when we first introduced her at Ellangowan-Place. Time had grizzled her raven locks, and added wrinkles to her wild features, but her height remained erect, and her activity was unimpaired. It was remarked of this woman, as of others of the same description, that a life of action, though not of labour, gave her the perfect command of her limbs and figure, so that the attitudes into which she most naturally threw herself, were free, unconstrained, and picturesque. At present, she stood by the window of the cottage, her

person drawn up so as to shew to full advantage her masculine stature, and her head somewhat thrown back, that the large bonnet, with which her face was shrouded, might not interrupt her steady gaze at Brown. At every gesture he made, and every tone he uttered, she seemed to give an almost imperceptible start. On his part, he was surprised to find that he could not look upon this singular figure without some emotion. «Have I dreamed of such a figure?" he said to himself, or «does this wild and singular-looking woman recal to my recollection some of the strange figures I have seen in our Indian pagodas?"

While he embarrassed himself with these discussions, and the hostess was engaged in rummaging out silver in change of half-a-guinea, the gypsy suddenly made two strides, and seized Brown's hand. He expected, of course, a display of her skill in palmistry, but she seemed agitated by other feelings.

«Tell me," she said, «tell me in the name of God, young man, what is your name, and whence you came?"

«My name is Brown, mother, and I come from the East Indies."

«From the East Indies!" dropping his hand with a sigh, «it cannot be then — I am such an auld fool, that every thing I look on seems the thing I want maist to see. But the East Indies! that cannot be — Weel, be what ye will, ye hae a face and a tongue that puts me in mind of auld times. Good day — make haste on your road, and if ye see ony of our folk, meddle not and make not, and they'll do you nae harm."

Brown, who had by this time received his change, put a shilling into her hand, bade his hostess farewell, and, taking the route which the farmer had gone before, walked briskly on, with the advantage of being guided by the fresh hoof-prints of his horse. Meg Merrilies looked after him for some time, and then muttered to herself, «I maun see that lad again — and I maun gang back to Ellangowan too. — The Laird's dead — a weel, death pays a' scores — he was a kind man ance. — The Sheriff's flitted, and I can keep canny in the bush — so there's no muckle hazard o' scouring the crampring. — I would like to see bonny Ellangowan again or I die."

Brown, meanwhile, proceeded at a round pace along the moorish track called the Waste

of Cumberland. He passed a solitary house, towards which the horseman who preceded him had apparently turned up, for his horse's tread was evident in that direction. A little farther, he seemed to have returned again into the road. Mr Dinmont had probably made a visit there either of business or pleasure. «I wish," thought Brown, «the good farmer had staid till I came up; I should not have been sorry to ask him a few questions about the road, which seems to grow wilder and wilder."

In truth, nature, as if she had designed this track of country to be the barrier between two hostile nations, has stamped upon it a character of wildness and desolation. The hills are neither high nor rocky, but the land is all heath and morass; the huts poor and mean, and at a great distance from each other. Around them there is generally some little attempt at cultivation; but a half-bred foal or two, straggling about with shackles on their hind legs, to save the trouble of inclosures, intimate the farmer's chief resource to be the breeding of horses. The people, too, are of a ruder and more inhospitable class than are elsewhere to be found in Cumberland, arising partly from their own habits, partly from their intermixture with vagrants and criminals, who make this wild country a

refuge from justice. So much were the men of these districts, in early times the objects of suspicion and dislike to their more polished neighbours, that there was, and perhaps still exists, a bye-law of the corporation of Newcastle, prohibiting any freeman of that city to take for apprentice a native of certain of these dales. It is pithily said, «Give a dog an ill name and hang him;" and it may be added, if you give a man, or race of men, an ill name, they are very likely to do something that deserves hanging. Of this Brown had heard something, and suspected more, from the discourse between the landlady, Dinmont, and the gypsey; but he was naturally of a fearless disposition, had nothing about him that would tempt the spoiler, and trusted to get through the *waste* with day-light. In this last particular he was likely to be disappointed. The way proved longer than he had anticipated, and the horizon began to grow gloomy, just as he entered upon an extensive morass.

Chusing his steps with care and deliberation, he proceeded along a path that sometimes sunk between two broken black banks of moss earth, sometimes crossed narrow but deep ravines, filled with a consistence between mud and water, and sometimes along heaps of gravel and stones,

which had been swept together when some torrent or water-spout from the neighbouring hills overflowed the marshy ground below. He began to ponder how a horseman could make his way through such broken ground; the traces of the hoofs, however, were still visible; he even thought he heard their sound at some distance, and, convinced that Mr Dinmont's progress through the morass must be still slower than his own, he resolved to push on, in hopes to overtake him, and have the benefit of his knowledge of the country. At this moment his little terrier sprang forward, barking most furiously.

Brown quickened his pace, and, attaining the summit of a small rising ground, saw the subject of the dog's alarm. In a hollow, about a gunshot below him, a man, whom he easily recognised to be Dinmont, was engaged with two others in a desperate struggle. He was dismounted, and defending himself as he best could with the butt of his heavy whip. Our traveller hastened on to his assistance; but, ere he could get up, a blow had levelled the farmer with the earth, and one of the robbers, improving his victory, struck him some merciless strokes on the head. The other villain, hastening to meet Brown, called to his companion to come along, «for that one's *content*," mean-

ing, probably, past resistance or complaint. One ruffian was armed with a cutlass, the other with a bludgeon; but as the road was pretty narrow, «bar fire-arms," thought Brown, «and I may manage them well enough." They met accordingly, with the most murderous threats on the part of the ruffians. They soon found, however, that their new opponent was equally stout and resolute; and, after exchanging two or three blows, one of them told him to «follow his nose over the heath, in the devil's name, for they had nothing to say to him."

Brown rejected this composition, as leaving to their mercy the unfortunate man whom they were about to pillage, if not to murder outright, and the skirmish had just recommenced, when Dinmont unexpectedly recovered his senses, his feet, and his weapon, and hasted to the scene of action. As he had been no easy antagonist, even when surprised and alone, the villains did not chuse to wait his joining forces with a man who had singly proved a match for them both, but fled across the bog as fast as their feet could carry them, pursued by Wasp, who had acted gloriously during the skirmish, annoying the heels of the enemy, and repeatedly effecting a moment's diversion in his master's favour.

«Deil, but your dog's weel entered wi' the vermin now," were the first words uttered by the jolly farmer, as he came up, his head streaming with blood, and recognised his deliverer and his attendant.

«I hope, sir, you are not hurt dangerously?"

«O, deil a bit — my head can stand a gay clour — nae thanks to them though, and mony to you. But now, hinney, ye maun help me to catch the beast, and ye maun get on behind me, for we maun off like whittrets before the whole clanjamfray be down upon us — the rest o' them will not be far off." The galloway was, by good fortune, easily caught, and Brown made some apology for overloading the animal.

«Deil a fear, man," answered the proprietor, «Dumple could carry six folk, if his back was lang aneugh — but God's sake haste ye, get on, for I see some folk coming through the slack yonder, that it may be just as weel no to wait for."

Brown was of opinion, that this apparition of five or six men coming across the moss towards them should abridge ceremony; he there-

fore mounted Dumple *en croupe*, and the little spirited nag cantered away with two men of great size and strength, as if they had been children of six years old. The rider, to whom the paths of these wilds seemed intimately known, pushed on at a rapid pace, managing, with much dexterity, to chuse the safest route, in which he was aided by the sagacity of the galloway, who never failed to take the difficult passes exactly at the particular spot, and in the special manner, by which they could be most safely crossed. Yet, even with these advantages, the road was so broken, and they were so often thrown out of the direct course by various impediments, that they did not gain much on their pursuers. «Never mind," said the undaunted Scotchman to his companion, «if we were ance by Withershins' latch, the road's no near sae *saft*, and we'll show them fair play for't."

They soon came to the place he named, a narrow channel, through which soaked, rather than flowed, a small stagnant stream, mantled over with bright green mosses. Dinmont directed his steed towards a pass where the water appeared to flow with more freedom over a harder bottom; but Dumple backed from the

proposed crossing place, put his head down as if to reconnoitre the swamp more nearly, stretched forward his fore-feet, and stood as fast as if he had been cut out of stone.

«Had we not better," said Brown, «dismount and leave him to his fate — or can you not urge him through the swamp?"

«Na, na," said his pilot, «we maun cross Dumple at no rate — he has mair sense than mony a Christian." So saying, he relaxed the reins, and shook them loosely. «Come now, lad, take your ain way o't — let's see where ye'll take us through."

Dumple, left to the freedom of his own will, trotted briskly to another part of the *latch*, less promising, as Brown thought, in appearance, but which the animal's sagacity or experience recommended as the safer of the two, and where, plunging in, he attained the other side with little difficulty.

«I'm glad we're out o' that moss," said Dinmont, «where there's mair stables for horses than change-houses for men — we have the *Maiden-way* to help us now at ony rate." Ac-

cordingly, they speedily gained a sort of rugged causeway so called, being the remains of an old Roman road, which traverses these wild regions in a due northerly direction. Here they got on at the rate of nine or ten miles an hour, Dumple seeking no other respite than what arose from changing his pace from canter to trot. «I could gar him show mair action," said his master, «but we are twa lang-legged chields after a', and it would be a pity to stress Dumple — there was na the like o' him at Staneshiebank fair the day."

Brown readily assented to the propriety of sparing the horse, and added, that, as they were now far out of reach of the rogues, he thought Mr Dinmont had better tie a handkerchief round his head, for fear of the cold frosty air aggravating the wound.

«What would I do that for?" answered the hardy farmer; «the best way's to let the blood barken upon the cut — that saves plaisters, hinney."

Brown, who in his military profession had seen a great many hard blows pass, could not

help remarking, «he had never known such severe strokes received with so much apparent indifference."

«Hout tout, man — I would never be making a hum-dudgeon about a scart on the pow — but we'll be in Scotland in five minutes now, and ye maun gang up to Charlies-hope wi' me, that's a clear case."

Brown readily accepted the offered hospitality. Night was now falling, when they came in sight of a pretty river winding its way through a pastoral country. The hills were greener and more abrupt than those which Brown had lately passed, sinking their grassy sides at once upon the river. They had no pretensions to magnificence of height, or to romantic shapes, nor did their smooth swelling slopes exhibit either rocks or woods. Yet the view was wild, solitary, and pleasingly rural. No inclosures, no roads, almost no tillage — it seemed a land which a patriarch would have chosen to feed his flocks and herds. The remains of here and there a dismantled and ruined tower, showed that it had once harboured beings of a very different description from its present inhabitants; those freebooters, namely, to whose ex-

ploits the wars between England and Scotland bear witness.

Descending by a path towards a wellknown ford, Dumple crossed the small river, and then quickening his pace, trotted about a mile briskly up its banks, and approached two or three low thatched houses, placed with their angles to each other, with a great contempt of regularity. This was the farm-steading of Charlieshope, or, in the language of the country, «the Town." A most furious barking was set up at their approach, by the whole three generations of Mustard and Pepper, and a number of allies, names unknown. The farmer made his well-known voice lustily heard to restore order — the door opened, and a half-dressed ewe-milker, who had done that good office, shut it in their faces, in order that she might run *ben the house*, to cry «Mistress, mistress, it's the master, and another man wi' him." Dumple, turned loose, walked to his own stable-door, and there pawed and whinnied for admission, in strains which were answered by his acquaintances from the interior. Amid this bustle, Brown was fain to secure Wasp from the other dogs, who, with ardour corresponding more to their own names than to the hospitable temper of their

owner, were much disposed to use the intruder roughly.

In about a minute a stout labourer was patting Dumple, and introducing him into the stable, while Mrs Dinmont, a well-looked buxom dame, welcomed her husband with unfeigned rapture. «Eh, sirs! goodman, ye hae been a weary while away!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

Liddell till now, except in Doric lays
Tuned to her murmurs by her love-sick swains,
Unknown in song — though not a purer stream
Rolls towards the western main.

Art of Preserving Health.

The present store-farmers of the south of Scotland are a much more refined race than their fathers, and the manners I am now to describe have either altogether disappeared, or are greatly modified. Without losing their rural simplicity of manners, they now cultivate arts unknown to the former generation, not only in the progressive improvement of their possessions, but in all the comforts of life. Their houses are more commodious, their ha-

bits of life regulated so as better to keep pace with those of the civilized world, and the best of luxuries, the luxury of knowledge, has gained much ground among their hills during the last thirty years. Deep drinking, formerly their greatest failing, is now fast losing ground; and, while the frankness of their extensive hospitality continues the same, it is, generally speaking, refined in its character, and restrained in its excesses.

«Deil's in the wife,» said Dandy Dinmont, shaking off his spouse's embrace, but gently and with a look of great affection; «deil's in ye, Ailie — d'ye no see the stranger gentleman?»

Ailie turned to make her apology — «Troth, I was sae weel pleased to see the gudeman, that — But, good gracious, what's the matter wi' ye baith!» — for they were now in her little parlour, and the candle showed the streaks of blood which Dinmont's wounded head had plentifully imparted to the clothes of his companion as well as to his own. «Ye've been fighting again, Dandy, wi' some o' the Bewcastle horse-coupers! Wow, man, a married man, wi' a bonny family like yours, should ken better what a father's life's worth in the

warld.» — The tears stood in the good woman's eyes as she spoke.

«Whisht! whisht! gudewife,» said her husband, with a smack that had much more affection that ceremony in it; «Never mind — never mind — there's a gentleman that will tell you, that just when I had ga'en up to Lourie Lowther's, and had biddin the drinking of twa cheerers, and gotten just in again upon the moss, and was whigging cannily awa hame, twa land-loupers jumpit out of a peat-hag on me or I was thinking, and got me down, and knevelled me sair aneuch, or I could gar my whip walk about their lugs — and troth, gudewife, if this honest gentleman had na come up, I would have gotten mair licks than I like, and lost mair siller than I could weel spare; so ye maun be thankful to him for it, under God.» With that he drew from his side-pocket a large greasy leather pocket book, and bade the gudewife lock it up in his kist.

«God bless the gentleman, and e'en God bless him wi' a' my heart — but what can we do for him, but to gie him the meat and quarters we wadna refuse to the poorest body on earth — unless (her eye directed to the pocket-book, but with a feeling of natural pro-

priety which made the inference the most delicate possible,) unless there was ony other way" — Brown saw, and estimated at its due rate, the mixture of simplicity and grateful generosity which took the downright way of expressing itself, yet qualified with so much delicacy; he was aware his own appearance, plain at best, and now torn and spattered with blood, made him an object of pity at least, and perhaps of charity. He hastened to say his name was Brown, a captain in the — regiment of cavalry, travelling for pleasure, and upon foot, both from motives of independence and economy; and he begged his kind landlady would look at her husband's wounds, the state of which he had refused to permit him to examine. Mrs Dinmont was used to her husband's broken heads more than to the presence of a captain of dragoons. She therefore glanced at a table-cloth not quite clean, and conned over her proposed supper a minute or two, before, patting her husband on the shoulder, she bade him sit down for «a hard-headed loon, that was aye bringing himsell and other folk into collie-shangies."

When Dandy Dinmont, after executing two or three caprioles, and cutting the Highland-fling, by way of ridicule of his wife's anxiety,

at last deigned to sit down, and commit his round, black, shaggy bullet of a head to her inspection, Brown thought he had seen the regimental surgeon look grave upon a more trifling case. The goodwife, however, showed some knowledge of chirurgery — she cut away with her scissars the gory locks, whose stiffened and coagulated clusters interfered with her operations, and clapped on the wound some lint, besmeared with a vulnerary salve, esteemed sovereign by the whole dale, (which afforded upon Fair nights considerable experience of such cases) — she then fixed her plaister with a bandage, and, spite of her patient's resistance, pulled over all a nightcap, to keep every thing in its right place. Some contusions on the brow and shoulders she fomented with brandy, which the patient did not permit till the medicine had paid a heavy toll to his mouth. Mrs Dinmont then simply, but candidly, offered her assistance to Brown.

He assured her he had no occasion for any thing but the accommodation of a bason and towel.

«And that's what I should have thought of sooner,» she said; «and I did think o't, but

I durst na open the door, for there's a' the bairns, poor things, sae keen to see their father."

This explained a great drumming and whining at the door of the little parlour, which had somewhat surprised Brown, though his kind landlady had only noticed it by fastening the bolt as soon as she heard it begin. But on her opening the door to seek the bason and towel, (for she never thought of showing the guest to a separate room), a whole tide of white-headed urchins streamed in, some from the stable, where they had been seeing Dumple, and giving him a welcome home with part of their four-hours scones; others from the kitchen, where they had been listening to auld Elspith's tales and ballads; and the youngest half-naked, out of bed, all roaring to see daddy, and to enquire what he had brought home for them from the various fairs he had visited in his peregrinations. Our knight of the broken head first kissed and hugged them all round, then distributed whistles, penny-trumpets, and ginger-bread, and, lastly, when the tumults of their joy and welcome got beyond bearing, exclaimed to his guest — «This is a' the gudewife's fault, captain — she will gie the bairns a' their ain way.»

«Me! Lord help me,» said Ailie, who at that instant entered with the bason and ewer, «how can I help it? — I have naething else to gie them, poor things!»

Dinmont then exerted himself, and, between coaxing, threats, and shoving, cleared the room of all the intruders, excepting a boy and girl, the two eldest of the family, who could, as he observed, behave themselves «distinctly.» For the same reason, but with less ceremony, all the dogs were kicked out, excepting the venerable patriarchs, old Pepper and Mustard, whom frequent castigation and the advance of years had inspired with such a share of passive hospitality, that, after mutual explanation and remonstrance in the shape of some growling, they admitted Wasp, who had hitherto judged, it safe to keep beneath his master's chair, to a share of a dried wedder's skin, which, with the wool uppermost and unshorn, served all the purposes of a Bristol hearth-rug.

The active bustle of the mistress (so she was called in the kitchen, and the gudewife in the parlour) had already signed the fate of a couple[n] of fowls, which, for want of time to dress them otherwise, soon appeared reeking

from the gridiron — or brander, as Mrs Dinmont denominated it. A huge piece of cold beef-ham, eggs, butter, cakes, and barley-meal bannocks in plenty, made up the entertainment, which was to be diluted with home-brewed ale of excellent quality, and a case-bottle of brandy. Few soldiers would find fault with such cheer after a day's hard exercise, and a skirmish to boot; accordingly Brown did great honour to the eatables. While the gudewife partly aided, partly instructed, a great stout servant girl, with cheeks as red as her top-knot, to remove the supper matters, and supply sugar and hot water, (which, in the damsel's anxiety to gaze upon an actual live captain, she was in some danger of forgetting,) Brown took an opportunity to ask his host, whether he did not repent of having neglected the gypsey's hint.

«Wha kens?» answered he; «they're queer devils; — maybe I might just have 'scaped ae gang to meet the other. And yet I'll no say that neither; for if that randy wife was coming to Charlies-hope, she should have a pint bottle o' brandy and a pound o' tobacco to wear her through the winter. They're queer devils, as my auld father used to say — they're warst where they're

warst guided — there's baith gude and ill about the gypsies." —

This, and some other desultory conversation, served as a «shoeing-horn" to draw on another cup of ale and another *cheerer*, as Dinmont termed it in his country phrase, of brandy and water. Brown then resolutely declined all farther conviviality for that evening, pleading his own uneasiness and the effects of the skirmish, — being well aware that it would have availed nothing to have remonstrated with his host on the danger that excess might have occasioned to his own raw wound and bloody coxcomb. A very small bed-room, but a very clean bed, received the traveller, and the sheets made good the courteous vaunt of the hostess, «that they would be as pleasant as he could find ony gate, for they were washed wi' the fairy-well water, and bleached on the bonnie white gowans, and beetled by Nelly and hersell, and what could woman, if she was a queen, do mair for them?"

They indeed rivalled snow in whiteness, and had, besides, a pleasant fragrance from the manner in which they had been bleached.

Little Wasp, after licking his master's hand to ask leave, couched himself on the coverlet at his feet; and the traveller's senses were soon lost in grateful oblivion.

CHAPTER XXV.

Give ye, Britons, then —
Your sportive fury, pitiless, to pour
Loose on the nightly robber of the fold.
Him, from his craggy winding haunts unearth'd,
Let all the thunder of the chase pursue.

THOMSON'S Seasons.

BROWN rose early in the morning, and walked out to look at the establishment of his new friend. All was rough and neglected in the neighbourhood of the house; — a paltry garden, no pains taken to make the vicinity dry or comfortable, and a total absence of all those little neatnesses which give the eye so much pleasure in looking at an English farm-house. There were, notwithstanding, evident signs that this arose only from want of taste or ignorance, not from poverty, or the negli-

gence which attends it. On the contrary, a noble cow-house, well filled with good milk cows, a feeding-house, with ten bullocks of the most approved breed, a stable, with two good teams of horses, the appearance of domestics active, industrious, and apparently contented with their lot; in a word, an air of liberal though sluttish plenty indicated the wealthy farmer. The situation of the house above the river formed a gentle declivity, which relieved the inhabitants of the nuisances which might otherwise have stagnated around them. At a little distance was the whole band of children, playing and building houses with peats around a huge doddered oak tree, which was called Charlie's-Bush, from some tradition respecting an old freebooter who had once inhabited the spot. Between the farm-house and the hill pasture was a deep morass, termed in that country a slack — it had once been the defence of a fortalice, of which no vestiges now remained, but which was said to have been inhabited by the same doughty hero we have now alluded to. Brown endeavoured to make some acquaintance with the children, but "the rogues fled from him like quicksilver" — though the two eldest stood peeping when they had got to some distance. The traveller then turned his course towards the hill,

crossing the aforesaid swamp by a range of stepping-stones, neither the broadest nor steadiest that could be imagined. He had not climbed far up the hill when he met a man descending.

He soon recognized his worthy host, though a *maud*, as it is called, or a grey shepherd's plaid, supplied his travelling jockey-coat, and a cap, faced with wildcat's fur, more commodiously covered his bandaged head than a hat would have done. As he appeared through the morning mist, Brown, accustomed to judge of men by their thewes and sinews, could not help admiring his height, the breadth of his shoulders, and the steady firmness of his step. Dinmont internally paid the same compliment to Brown, whose athletic form he now perused somewhat more at leisure than he had done formerly. After the usual greetings of the morning, the guest enquired whether his host found any inconvenient consequences from the last night's affray.

«I had maist forgotten't,» said the hardy Borderer, «but I think this morning, now that I am fresh and sober, if you and I were at the Withershins' Latch, wi' ilka ane a gude

oak souple in his hand, we wadna turn back, no for half a dozen o' yon scaff-raff."

«But are you prudent, my good sir, not to take an hour or two's repose after receiving such severe contusions?»

«Confusions! lord, Captain, naething confuses my head — I ance jumped up and laid the dogs on the fox after I had tumbled from the tap o' Christenbury Craig, and that might have confused me to purpose. Na, naething confuses me, unless it be a screed o' drink at an orra time. Besides, I behooved to be round the hirsel this morning, and see how the herds were coming on — they're apt to be negligent wi' their foot-balls, and fairs, and trysts, when ane's away. And there I met wi' Tam o' Todshaw, and a whin o' the rest o' the billies on the water side; they're a' for a fox-hunt this morning — ye'll gang? I'll gie you Dumple, and take the brood mare mysell.»

»But I fear I must leave you, Mr Dinmont.»

«The fiend a bit o' that — I'll no part wi' you at ony rate for a fortnight mair — Na,

na; we dinna meet sic friends as you on a Bewcastle moss every night."

Brown had not designed his journey should be a speedy one; he therefore readily compounded with this hearty invitation, by agreeing to pass a week at Charlies-hope.

On their return to the house, where the goodwife presided over an ample breakfast, she heard news of the proposed fox-hunt, not indeed with approbation, but without alarm or surprise. „Dand! ye're the auld man yet — naething will make you take warning till ye're brought hame some day wi' your feet foremost."

« Tut', lass! ye ken yoursell I am never a prin the waur o' my rambles."

So saying, he exhorted Brown to be hasty in dispatching his breakfast, as, « the frost having given way, the scent would lie this morning primely."

Out they sallied accordingly for Otterscope-scaurs, the farmer leading the way. They soon quitted the little valley, and involved themselves among hills as steep as they could be without being precipitous. The sides often

presented gullies, down which, in the winter season, or after heavy rain, the torrents descended with great fury. Some dappled mists still floated along the peaks of the hills, the remains of the morning clouds, for the frost had broken up with a smart shower. Through these fleecy screens were seen a hundred little temporary streamlets, or rills, descending the sides of the mountains like silver threads. By small sheep-tracks along these steeps, over which Dinmont trotted with the most fearless confidence, they at length drew near the scene of sport, and began to see other men, both on horse and foot, making toward the place of rendez-vous. Brown was puzzling himself to conceive how a fox-chase could take place among hills, where it was barely possible for a poney, accustomed to the ground, to trot along, but where, quitting the track for half a yard's breadth, the rider might be either bogged, or precipitated down the bank. This wonder was not diminished when he came to the place of action.

They had gradually ascended very high, and now found themselves on a mountain-ridge, overhanging a glen of great depth, but extremely narrow. Here the sportsmen had collected, with an apparatus which would have

shocked a member of the Pychely Hunt; for, the object being the removal of a noxious and destructive animal, as well as the pleasures of the chase, poor Reynard was allowed much less fair play than when pursued in form through an open country. The strength of his habitation, however, and the nature of the ground by which it was surrounded on all sides, supplied what was wanting in the courtesy of his pursuers. The sides of the glen were broken banks of earth, and rocks of rotten stone, which sunk sheer down to the little winding stream below, affording here and there a tuft of scathed brush-wood, or a patch of furze. Along the edges of this ravine, which, as we have said, was very narrow, but of profound depth, the hunters on horse and foot ranged themselves; almost every farmer had with him at least a brace of large and fierce greyhounds, of the race of those deer-dogs which were formerly used in that country, but greatly lessened in size from being crossed with the common breed. The huntsman, a sort of provincial officer of the district, who receives a certain supply of meal, and a reward for every fox he destroys, was already at the bottom of the dell, whose echoes thundered to the chiding of two or three brace of fox-hounds.

Terriers, including the whole generation of Pepper and Mustard, were also in attendance, having been sent forward under the care of a shepherd. Mongrel, whelp, and cur of low degree, filled up the burthen of the chorus. The spectators on the brink of the ravine, or glen, held their greyhounds in leash, in readiness to slip them at the fox, as soon as the activity of the party below should force him to abandon his cover.

The scene, though uncouth to the eye of a professed sportsman, had something in it wildly captivating. The shifting figures on the mountain ridge, having the sky for their back-ground, appeared to move in air. The dogs, impatient of their restraint, and maddened with the baying beneath, sprung here and there, and strained at the slips, which prevented them from joining their companions. Looking down, the view was equally striking. The thin mists were not totally dispersed in the glen, so that it was often through their gauzy medium that the eye strove to discover the motions of the hunters below. Sometimes a breath of wind made the scene visible, the blue rill glittering as it twined itself through its rude and solitary dell. They then could see the shepherds springing

with fearless activity from one dangerous point to another, and cheering the dogs on the scent, the whole so diminished by depth and distance, that they looked like pigmies. Again the mists close over them, and the only signs of their continued exertion are the halloos of the men, and the clamours of the hounds, ascending, as it were, out of the bowels of the earth. When the fox, thus persecuted from one stronghold to another, was at length obliged to abandon his valley, and to break away for a more distant retreat, those who watched his motions from the top slipped their greyhounds, which, excelling the fox in swiftness, and equalling him in ferocity and spirit, soon brought the plunderer to his life's end.

In this way, without any attention to the ordinary rules and decorums of sport, but apparently as much to the gratification both of bipeds and quadrupeds as if all had been followed, four foxes were killed on this active morning; and even Brown himself, though he had seen the princely sports of India, and riden a-tiger-hunting upon an elephant with the Nabob of Arcot, professed to have received a day's excellent amusement. When the sport was given up for the day, most of the

sportsmen, according to the established hospitality of the country, went to dine at Charlies-hope.

During their return homeward, Brown rode for a short time beside the huntsman, and asked him some questions concerning the mode in which he exercised his profession. The man showed an unwillingness to meet his eye, and a disposition to be rid of his company and conversation, for which he could not easily account. He was a thin, dark, active fellow, well framed for the hardy profession which he exercised. But his face had not the frankness of the jolly hunter; he was down-looked, embarrassed, and avoided the eyes of those who looked hard at him. After some unimportant observations on the success of the day, Brown gave him a trifling gratuity, and rode on with his landlord. They found the goodwife prepared for their reception — the fold and the poultry-yard furnished the entertainment, and the kind and hearty welcome made amends for all deficiencies in elegance and fashion.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Elliots and Armstrongs did convene,
They were a gallant company!
Ballad of JOHNNIE ARMSTRONG.

WITHOUT noticing the occupations of an intervening day or two, which, as they consisted of the ordinary sylvan amusements of shooting and coursing, have nothing sufficiently interesting to detain the reader, we pass to one in some degree peculiar to Scotland, which may be called a sort of salmon-hunting. This chase, in which the fish is pursued and struck with barbed spears, or a sort of long-shafted trident, called a *waster*, is much practised at the mouth of the Esk, and in the other salmon rivers of Scotland. The sport is followed by day and night, but most commonly in the latter, when the fish are discovered by means of torches, or fire-grates, filled with blazing fragments of tar-

barrels, which shed a strong, though partial light upon the water. Upon the present occasion, the principal party were embarked in a crazy boat upon a part of the river which was enlarged and deepened by the restraint of a mill-wear, while others, like the ancient Bacchanals in their gambols, ran along the banks, brandishing their torches and spears, and pursuing the salmon, some of which endeavoured to escape up the stream, while others, shrouding themselves under roots of trees, fragments of stones, and large rocks, attempted to conceal themselves from the researches of the fishermen. These the party in the boat detected by the slightest indications; the twinkling of a fin, the rising of an air-bell, was sufficient to point out to these adroit sportsmen in what direction to use their weapon.

The scene was inexpressibly animating to those accustomed to it; but as Brown was not practised to use the spear, he soon tired of making efforts, which were attended with no other consequences than jarring his arms against the rocks at the bottom of the river, upon which, instead of the devoted salmon, he often bestowed his blow. Nor did he relish, though he concealed feelings which would not have

been understood, being quite so near the agonies of the expiring salmon, as they lay flapping about in the boat, which they moistened with their blood. He therefore requested to be put ashore, and, from the top of a *heugh*, or broken bank, enjoyed the scene much more to his own satisfaction. Often he thought of his friend Dudley the artist, when he observed the effect produced by the strong red glare on the romantic banks under which the boat glided. Now the light diminished to a distant star that seemed to twinkle on the waters, like those which, according to the legends of the country, the water-kelpy sends for the purpose of indicating the watery grave of his victims. Then it advanced nearer, brightening and enlarging as it again approached, till the broad flickering flame rendered bank, and rock, and tree, visible as it passed, tinging them with its own red glare of dusky light, and resigning them gradually to darkness, or to pale moonlight, as it receded. By this light also were seen the figures in the boat, now holding high their weapons, now stooping to strike, now standing upright, bronzed, by the same red glare, into a colour which might have befitted the regions of Pandæmonium.

Having amused himself for some time with these effects of light and shadow, Brown strolled homewards towards the farm-house, gazing in his way at the other persons engaged in the sport, two or three of whom are generally kept together, one holding the torch, the others with their spears, ready to avail themselves of the light it affords to strike their prey. As he observed one man struggling with a very weighty salmon which he had speared, but was unable completely to raise from the water, Brown advanced close to the bank to see the issue of his exertions. The man who held the torch in this instance was the huntsman, whose sulky demeanour Brown had already noticed with surprise — «Come here, sir! come here, sir! look at this ane! look at this ane! He turns up a side like a sow." — Such was the cry from the assistants when some of them observed Brown advancing.

«Ground the waster weel, man! ground the waster weel! — haud him down — you hae nae the pith o' a cat!" — were the cries of advice, encouragement, and expostulation, from those who were on the bank to the sportsman engaged with the salmon, who stood up to his middle in water, jingling among broken ice,

struggling against the force of the fish and the strength of the current, and dubious in what manner he should attempt to secure his booty. As Brown came to the edge of the bank, he called out — «Hold up your torch, friend huntsman," for he had already distinguished his dusky features by the strong light cast upon it by the blaze — But the fellow no sooner heard his voice, and saw, or rather concluded it was Brown who approached him, than, instead of advancing his light, he let it drop, as if accidentally, in the water.

«The deil's in Gabriel!" said the spearman, as the fragments of glowing wood floated half-blazing, half-sparkling, but soon extinguished, down the stream — «the deil's in the man! — I'll never master him without the light — and a braver kipper, could I but land him, never reisted abune a pair o' cleeks." — Some dashed into the water to lend their assistance, and the fish, which was afterwards found to weigh nearly thirty pounds, was landed in safety.

The behaviour of the huntsman struck Brown, although he had no recollection of his face, nor could conceive why he should, as it appeared he evidently did, shun his observation

— Could he be one of the footpads he had encountered a few days before? — The supposition was not altogether improbable, although unwarranted by any observation he was able to make upon the man's figure and face. To be sure the villains wore their hats much slouched, had loose coats, and their size was not in any way so peculiarly discriminated as to enable him to resort to that criterion. He resolved to speak to his host Dinmont on the subject, but for obvious reasons concluded it were best defer the explanation until a cool hour in the morning.

The sportsmen returned loaded with fish, upwards of one hundred salmon having been killed within the range of their sport. The best were selected for the use of the principal farmers, the others divided among their shepherds, cottars, dependants, and others of inferior rank who attended. These fish, dried in the turf smoke of their cabins, or shealings, formed a savoury addition to the mess of potatoes, mixed with onions, which were the principal part of their winter food. In the meanwhile a liberal distribution of ale and whisky was made among them, besides what was called a kettle of fish, — two or three salmon, namely, plunged

into a cauldron, and boiled for their supper. Brown accompanied his jolly landlord and the rest of his friends into the large and smoky kitchen, where this savoury mess reeked on an oaken table, massy enough to have dined Johnnie Armstrong and his merrymen. All was hearty cheer and huzza, and jest and clamorous laughter, and bragging alternately, and raillery between whiles. Our traveller looked earnestly around for the dark countenance of the fox-hunter, but it was no where to be seen.

At length he hazarded a question concerning him. «That was an awkward accident, my lads, of one of you, who dropped his torch in the water when his companion was struggling with the large fish."

«Awkward!" returned a shepherd, looking up, (the same stout young fellow who had speared the salmon,) «he deserved his paiks for't — to put out the light when the fish was on ane's witters! — I'm weel convinced Gabriel dropped the *roughies* in the water on purpose — he does na like to see ony body do a thing better than himsell."

«Ay," said another, «he's sair shamed o' himsell, else he would have been up here the

night — Gabriel likes a little o' the gude thing as weel as ony o' us."

«Is he of this country?" said Brown.

«Na, na, he's been but shortly in office, but he's a fell hunter — he's frae down the country, some gate on the Dumfries side."

«And what's his name, pray?"

«Gabriel."

«But Gabriel what?"

«Oh, Lord kens that; we dinna mind folks after-names muckle here, they run sae much into clans."

«Ye see, sir," said an old shepherd, rising, and speaking very slow — «the folks hereabout are a' Armstrongs and Elliots, and sic like — twa or three given names — and so, for distinction's sake, the laird's and farmers have the names of their places that they live at — as for example, Tam o' Todshaw, Will o' the Flat, Hobbie o' Sorbietrees, and our good master here o' the Charlies-hope — Aweel, sir, and then the inferior sort o' people, ye'll observe, are kend hy sorts o' bye-names some o' them,

as Glaiket Christie, and the Dewke's Gibbie, or may be, like this lad Gabriel, by his employment, as for example, Tod Gabbie, or Hunter Gabbie. He's no been lang here, sir, and I dinna think ony body kens him by ony other name — But it's no right to rin him down ahint his back, for he's a fell fox-hunter, though he's may be no just sae clever as some o' the folk here awa wi' the waster."

After some further desultory conversation, the superior sportsmen retired to conclude the evening after their own manner, leaving the others to enjoy their mirth unawed by their presence. That evening, like all those which Brown had passed at Charlies-hope, was spent in much innocent mirth and conviviality. The latter might have approached to the verge of riot but for the good women; for several of the neighbouring *mistresses* (a phrase of a signification how different from what it bears in more fashionable life!) had assembled at Charlies-hope to witness the event of this memorable evening. Finding the punch-bowl was so often replenished, that there was some danger of their gracious presence being forgotten, they rushed in valorously upon the recreant revellers, headed by our good mistress Ailie, so that Ve-

nus speedily routed Bacchus. The fiddler and piper next made their appearance, and the best part of the night was gallantly consumed in dancing to their music.

An otter-hunt the next day and a badger-baiting the day after, consumed the time merrily. — I hope our traveller will not sink in the reader's estimation, sportsman though he may be, when I inform him, that upon this last occasion, after young Pepper had lost a fore-foot, and Mustard the second had been nearly throttled, he begged, as a particular and personal favour of Mr Dinmont, that the poor badger, who had made so gallant a defence, should be permitted to retire to his earth without farther molestation.

The farmer, who would probably have treated this request with supreme contempt had it come from any other person, was contented, in Brown's case, to express the utter extremity of his wonder. — «Weel," he said, «that's queer aneugh! — But since ye take his part, deil a tyke shall meddle wi' him mair in my day — we'll e'en mark him, and ca' him the Captain's brock — and I'm sure I'm glad I can do ony thing to oblige you — but, Lord safe us, to care about a brock!"

After a week spent in rural sport, and distinguished by the most frank attentions on the part of his honest landlord, Brown bade adieu to the banks of the Liddel, and the hospitality of Charlies-hope. The children, with all of whom he had now become an intimate and a favourite, roared manfully in full chorus at his departure, and he was obliged to promise twenty times that he would soon return and play over all their favourite tunes upon the flageolet till they had got them by heart — «Come back again, captain," said one little sturdy fellow, «and Jenny will be your wife." — Jenny was about eleven years old — she ran and hid herself behind her mammy.

«Captain, come back," said a little fat roll-about girl of six, holding her mouth up to be kissed, «and I'll be your wife my ain sell."

They must be of harder mould than I, who could part from so many kind hearts with indifference. The good dame too, with matron modesty, and an affectionate simplicity that marked the olden time, offered her cheek to the departing guest — «It's little the like of us can do," she said, «little indeed — but yet — if there were but ony thing" —

«Now, my dear Mrs Dinmont, you embolden me to make a request — would you but have the kindness to weave me, or work me, just such a grey plaid as the goodman wears?" — He had learned the language and feelings of the country even during the short time of his residence, and was aware of the pleasure the request would confer.

«A tait o' woo' would be scarce amang us," said the goodwife brightening, «if ye should nae hae that, and as gude a tweel as ever cam aff a pirn. I'll speak to Johnnie Goodsire, the weaver at the Castletown, the morn. — Fare ye weel, sir; — and may ye be just as happy yoursell as ye like to see a' body else — and that would be a sair wish to some folk."

I must not omit to mention, that our traveller left his trusty attendant Wasp to be a guest at Charlies-hope for a season. He foresaw that he might prove a troublesome attendant in the event of his being in any situation where secrecy and concealment might be necessary. He was therefore consigned to the care of the eldest boy, who promised, in the words of the old song, that he should have

«A bit of his supper, a bit of his bed,"

and that he should be engaged in none of those perilous pastimes in which the race of Mustard and Pepper had suffered frequent mutilation. Brown now prepared for his journey, having taken a temporary farewell of his trusty little companion.

There is an odd prejudice in these hills in favour of riding. Every farmer rides well, and rides the whole day. Probably the extent of their large pasture farms, and the necessity of surveying them rapidly, first introduced this custom; or a very zealous antiquary might derive it from the times of the Lay of the Last Minstrel, when twenty thousand horsemen assembled at the light of the beacon-fires. But the truth is undeniable; they like to be on horseback, and can be with difficulty convinced, that any one chuses walking from other motives than those of convenience or necessity. Accordingly Dinmont insisted upon mounting his guest, and accompanying him upon horseback as far as the nearest town in Dumfries-shire, where he had directed his baggage to be sent, and from which he proposed to pursue his intended journey towards Woodbourne, the residence of Julia Mannering.

Upon the way he questioned his companion concerning the character of the fox-hunter; but gained little information, as he had been called to that office while Dinmont was making the round of the Highland fairs. «He was a shake-rag like fellow,» he said, «and, he dared to say, had gypsy blood in his veins — but at ony rate he was nane o' the smacks that had been on their quarters in the moss — he would ken them weel if he saw them again. — There were some no bad folk amang the gypsies too, to be sic a gang — if ever I see that auld randle-tree of a wife again, I'll gie her something to buy tobacco — I have a great notion she meant me very fair after a'.» —

When they were about finally to part, the good farmer held Brown long by the hand, and at length said, «Captain, the woo's sae weel up the year, that it's paid a' the rent, and we have naething to do wi' the rest o' the siller, when Ailie has had her new gown, and the bairns their bits o' duds — now I was thinking of some safe hand to put it into, for it's ower muckle to ware on brandy and sugar — now I have heard that you army gentlemen can some-times buy yoursells up a step; and if a hundred or twa would help ye on such an occasion, the

bit scrape o' your pen would be as good to me as the siller, and ye might just take ye're ain time of settling it — it wad be a great convenience to me." Brown, who felt the full delicacy that wished to disguise the conferring an obligation under the show of asking a favour, thanked his grateful friend most heartily, and assured him he would have recourse to his purse, without scruple, should circumstances ever render it convenient for him. And thus they parted with many expressions of mutual regard.

CHAPTER XXVII.

If thou hast any love of mercy in thee,
Turn me upon my face that I may die.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

OUR traveller hired a post-chaise at the place where he separated from Dinmont, with the purpose of proceeding to Kippletringan, there to enquire into the state of the family at Woodbourne, before he should venture to make his presence in the country known to Miss Mannering. The stage was a long one of eighteen or twenty miles, and the road lay across the country. To add to the inconveniences of the journey, the snow began to fall pretty quickly. The postillion, however, proceeded upon his journey for a good many miles, without expressing doubts or hesitation. It was not until the night was completely set in, that he in-

timated his doubts whether he were in the right road. The increasing snow rendered this intimation rather alarming, for as it drove full in the lad's face, and lay whitening all around him, it served in two different ways to confuse his knowledge of the country, and to diminish the chance of his recovering the right track. Brown then himself got out and looked round, not, it may be well imagined, from any better hope than that of seeing some house at which he might make enquiry. But none appeared — he could therefore only tell the lad to drive steadily on. The road on which they were, run through plantations of considerable extent and depth, and the traveller therefore conjectured that there must be a gentleman's house at no great distance. At length, after struggling wearily on for about a mile, the post-boy stopped, and protested his horses would not budge a foot farther; «but he saw," he said, «a light among the trees which must proceed from a house; the only way was to enquire the road there." Accordingly he dismounted, heavily encumbered with a long great-coat, and a pair of boots which might have rivalled in thickness the sevenfold shield of Ajax. As in this guise he was plodding forth upon his voyage of discovery, Brown's

impatience prevailed, and, jumping out of the carriage, he desired the lad to stop where he was, by the horses, and he would himself go to the house — a command which the driver joyfully obeyed.

He groped along the side of the inclosure from which the light glimmered, in order to find some mode of approaching in that direction, and after proceeding for some space, at length found a stile in the hedge, and a path-way leading into the plantation, which in that place was of great extent. This promised to lead to the light which was the object of his search, and accordingly Brown proceeded in that direction, but soon totally lost sight of it among the trees. The path, which at first seemed broad and well marked by the opening of the wood through which it winded, was now less easily distinguishable, although the whiteness of the snow afforded some reflected light to assist his search. Directing himself as much as possible through the more open parts of the wood, he proceeded almost a mile without either recovering a view of the light, or seeing any thing resembling a habitation. Still, however, he thought it best to persevere in that direction. It must surely have been

a light in the hut of a forester, for it shone too steadily to be the glimmer of an *ignis fatuus*. The ground at length became broken, and declined rapidly, and although Brown conceived he still moved along what had once at least been a path-way, it was now very unequal, and the snow concealing those breaches and inequalities, the traveller had one or two falls in consequence. He began now to think of turning back, especially as the falling snow, which his impatience had hitherto prevented his attending to, was coming on thicker and faster.

Willing, however, to make a last effort, he still advanced a little way, when, to his great delight, he beheld the light opposite at no great distance, and apparently upon a level with him. He quickly found that this last appearance was deception, for the ground continued so rapidly to sink, as made it obvious there was a deep dell, or ravine of some kind, between him and the object of his search. Taking every precaution to preserve his footing, he continued to descend until he reached the bottom of a very steep and narrow glen, through which winded a small rivulet, whose course was then almost choked with snow. He now

found himself embarrassed among the ruins of cottages, whose black gables, rendered more distinguishable by the contrast with the whitened surface from which they rose, were still standing; the side-walls had long since given way to time, and, piled in shapeless heaps, and covered with snow, offered frequent and embarrassing obstacles to our traveller's progress. Still, however, he persevered, crossed the rivulet, not without some trouble, and, at length, by exertions which became both painful and perilous, ascended its opposite and very rugged bank, until he came on a level with the building from which the gleam proceeded.

It was difficult, especially by so imperfect a light, to discover the nature of this edifice; but it seemed a square building of small size, the upper part of which was totally ruinous. It had, perhaps, been the abode, in former times, of some lesser proprietor, or a place of strength and concealment, in case of need, for one of greater importance. But only the lower vault remained, the arch of which formed the roof in the present state of the building. Brown first approached the place from whence the light proceeded, which seemed to be a

long narrow slit or loophole, such as are usually to be found in old castles. Impelled by curiosity to reconnoitre the interior of this strange place before he entered, Brown gazed in at this aperture. A scene of greater desolation could not well be imagined. There was a fire upon the floor, the smoke of which, after circling through the apartment, escaped by a hole broken in the arch above. The walls, seen by this smoky light, had the rude and waste appearance of a ruin of three centuries old at least. A cask or two, with some broken boxes and packages, lay about the place in confusion. But the inmates chiefly occupied Brown's attention. Upon a lair composed of straw, with a blanket stretched over it, lay a figure, so still, that, except that it was not dressed in the ordinary habiliments of the grave, Brown would have concluded it to be a corpse. On a steadier view he perceived it was only on the point of becoming so, for he heard one or two of those low, deep, and hard-drawn sighs, that precede dissolution when the frame is tenacious of life. A female figure, dressed in a long cloak, sat on a stone by this miserable couch; her elbows rested upon her knees, and her face, averted from the light of an iron lamp beside her, was bent

upon that of the dying person. She moistened his mouth from time to time with some liquid, and between whiles sung, in a low monotonous cadence, one of those prayers, or rather spells, which, in some parts of Scotland, and the north of England, are used by the vulgar and ignorant to speed the passage of a parting spirit, like the tolling of the bell in catholic days. She accompanied this dismal sound with a slow rocking motion of her body to and fro, as if to keep time with her song. The words ran nearly thus: —

Wasted, weary, wherefore stay,
Wrestling thus with earth and clay?
From the body pass away; —
Hark! the mass is singing.

From thee doff thy mortal weed,
Mary Mother be thy speed,
Saints to help thee at thy need; —
Hark! the knell is ringing.

Fear not snow-drift driving fast,
Sleet, or hail, or levin blast;
Soon the shroud shall lap thee fast,
And the sleep be on thee cast
That shall ne'er know waking.

Haste thee, haste thee, to be gone,
Earth flits fast, and time draws on, —
Gasp thy gasp, and groan thy groan,
Day is near the breaking.

The songstress paused, and was answered by one or two deep and hollow groans, that seemed to proceed from the very agony of the mortal strife — «It will not be," she muttered to herself — «He cannot pass away with that on his mind — it tethers him here —

'Heaven cannot abide it,
Earth refuses to hide it.'

I must open the door;" and, rising, she faced towards the door of the apartment, observing heedfully not to turn back her head, and, withdrawing a bolt or two, (for, notwithstanding the miserable appearance of the place, the door was cautiously secured) she lifted the latch,

«Open lock — end strife,
Come death, and pass life.'

Brown, who had by this time moved from his post, stood before her as she opened the

door. She stepped back a pace, and he entered, instantly recognising, but with no comfortable sensation, the same gypsy woman whom he had met in Bewcastle. She also knew him at once, and her attitude, figure, and the anxiety of her countenance, assumed the appearance of the well-disposed ogress of a fairy tale, warning a stranger not to enter the dangerous castle of her husband. The first words she spoke (holding up her hand in a reproving manner,) were, «Said I not to ye, Make not, meddle not? — Beware of the redding strake! you are come to no house o' fair strae death.» So saying, she raised the lamp, and turned its light on the dying man, whose rude and harsh features were now convulsed with the last agony. A roll of linen about his head was stained with blood, which had soaked also through the blankets and the straw. It was, indeed, under no natural disease that the wretch was suffering Brown started back from this horrible object, and, turning to the gypsy, exclaimed, «Wretched woman, who has done this?»

«They that were permitted,» answered Meg Merrilies, while she scanned with a close and keen glance the features of the expiring man, —

«He has had a sair struggle — but it's passing — I kenn'd he would pass when you came in. — That was the death ruckle — he's dead.» — Sounds were now heard at a distance, as of voices. — «They are coming,» said she to Brown; «you are a dead man if ye had as mony lives as hairs. Brown eagerly looked round for some weapon of defence. There was none near. He then rushed to the door, with the intention of plunging among the trees, and making his escape by flight, from what he now esteemed a den of murderers, but Merrilies held him with a masculine grasp. «Here,» she said, «here — be still and you are safe — stir not whatever you see or hear, and nothing shall befall you.»

Brown, in these desperate circumstances, remembered this woman's intimation formerly, and thought he had no chance of safety but in obeying her. She caused him to couch down among a parcel of straw on the opposite side of the apartment from the corpse, covered him carefully, and flung over him two or three old sacks which lay about the place. Anxious to observe what was to happen, Brown arranged, as softly as he could, the means of peeping from under the coverings by which he

was hidden, and awaited with a throbbing heart the issue of this strange and most unpleasant adventure. The old gypsy, in the mean time, set about arranging the dead body, composing its limbs, and straiting the arms by its side. «Best to do this,» she muttered, «ere he stiffen.» She placed on the dead man's breast a trencher, with salt sprinkled upon it, set one candle at the head, and another at the feet of the body, and lighted both. Then she resumed her song, and awaited the approach of those whose voices had been heard without.

Brown was a soldier, and a brave one; but he was also a man, and at this moment his fears mastered his courage so completely, that the cold drops burst out from every pore. The idea of being dragged out of his miserable concealment by wretches, whose trade was that of midnight murder, without weapons or the slightest means of defence, except entreaties, which would be only their sport, and cries for help, which could never reach other ear than their own — his safety entrusted to the precarious compassion of a being associated with these felons, and whose trade of rapine and imposture must have hardened her

against every human feeling — the bitterness of his emotions almost choaked him. He endeavoured to read in her withered and dark countenance, as the lamp threw its light upon her features, something that promised those feelings of compassion, which females, even in their most degraded state, can seldom altogether smother. There was no such touch of humanity about this woman. The interest, whatever it was, that determined her in his favour, arose not from the impulse of compassion, but from some internal, and probably capricious, association of feelings, to which he had no clew. It rested, perhaps, on a fancied likeness, such as Lady Macbeth found to her father in the sleeping monarch. Such were the reflections that passed in rapid succession through Brown's mind, as he gazed from his hiding-place upon this extraordinary personage. Meantime the gang did not yet approach, and he was almost prompted to resume his original intention of attempting an escape from the hut, and cursed internally his own irresolution, which had consented to his being cooped up where he had neither room for resistance nor flight.

Meg Merrilies seemed equally on the watch. She bent her ear to every sound that whistled

round the old walls. Then she turned again to the dead body, and found something new to arrange or alter in its position. «He's a bonny corpse,» she muttered to herself, «and weel worth the streaking.» — And in this dismal occupation she appeared to feel a sort of professional pleasure, entering slowly into all the minutiæ, as if with the skill and feelings of a connoisseur. A long dark-coloured sea-cloak, which she dragged out of a corner, was disposed for a pall The face she left bare, after closing the mouth and eyes, and arranged the capes of the cloack so as to hide the bloody bandages, and give the body, as she muttered, «a mair decent appearance.»

At once three or four men, equally ruffians in appearance and dress, rushed into the hut. »Meg, ye limb of Satan, how dare you leave the door open?» was the first salutation of the party.

«And wha ever heard of a door being barred when a man was in the dead-thraw? — how d'ye think the spirit was to get awa' through bolts and bars like thae?»

Is he dead then?» said one who went to the side of the couch to look at the body.

«Eye, eye — dead enough,» said another — «but here's what shall give him a rousing like-wake. So saying, he fetched a keg of spirits from a corner, while Meg hastened to display pipes and tobacco. From the activity with which she undertook the task, Brown conceived good hope of her fidelity towards her guest. It was obvious that she wished to engage the ruffians in their debauch, to prevent the discovery which might take place, if, by accident, any one of them should approach too nearly the place of Brown's concealment.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Nor board nor garner own we now,
Nor roof nor latched door,
Nor kind mate, bound, by holy vow,
To bless a good man's store.
Noon lulls us in a gloomy den,
And night is grown our day;
Uprouse ye then, my merry men!
And use it as ye may.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

BROWN could now reckon his foes — they were five in number; two of them were very powerful men, who appeared to be either real seamen, or strollers who assumed that character; the other three, an old man and two lads, were slighter made, and, from their black hair and dark complexion, seemed to belong to Meg's tribe. They passed from one to another the cup

out of which they drank their spirits. «Here's to his good voyage!" said one of the seamen, drinking; «a squally night he's got, however, to drift through the sky in."

We omit here various execrations with which these honest gentlemen garnished their discourse, retaining only such of their expletives as are least offensive.

«'A does not mind wind and weather — 'A has had many a north-easter in his day."

«He had his last yesterday," said another gruffly, «and now old Meg may pray for his last fair wind, as she's often done before."

«I'll pray for nane o' him," said Meg, «nor for you neither, you randy dog. The times are sair altered since I was a kinchin-mort. Men were men then, and fought other in the open field, and there was nae milling in the darkmans. And the gentry had kind hearts, and would have given baith lap and pannel to ony poor gypsey; and there was not one, from Johnnie Faa the upright man, to little Christie that was in the panniers, would cloyed a dud from them. But ye are a' altered from the gude auld

rules, and no wonder that you scour the cramp-ring, and trine to the cheat sae often. Yes, ye are a' altered — you'll eat the goodman's meat, drink his drink, sleep on the strammel in his barn, and break his house and cut his throat for his pains! There's blood on your hands too, ye dogs — mair than ever came there by fair fighting. See how ye'll die then — lang it was ere he died — he strove, and strove sair, and could neither die nor live; — but you — half the country will see how ye'll grace the woodie."

The party set up a hoarse laugh at Meg's prophecy.

«What made you come back here?" said one of the gypsies; «ye auld beldam, could ye not have staid where you were, and spaed fortunes to the Cumberland flats? — Bing out and tour, ye auld devil, and see that nobody has scented; that's all you're good for now."

«Is that a' I am good for now? I was good for mair than that in the great fight between our folk and Patrico Salmon's; if I had not helped you with these very fambles, (holding up her hands,) Jean Baillie would have frummagem'd you, ye feckless do-little."

There was here another laugh at the expence of the hero who had received this amazon's assistance.

«Here, mother," said one of the sailors, «here's a cup of the right for you, and never mind that bully-huff."

Meg drank the spirits, and, withdrawing herself from farther conversation, sate down before the spot where Brown lay hid, in such a posture that it would have been difficult for any one to have approached it without her rising. The men, however, shewed no disposition to disturb her.

They closed around the fire, and held deep consultation together; but the low tone in which they spoke, and the canting language which they used, prevented Brown from understanding much of their conversation. He gathered in general, that they expressed great indignation against some individual. «He shall have his gruel," said one, and then whispered something very low into the ear of his comrade.

«I'll have nothing to do with that," said the other.

"Are you turned hen-hearted, Jack?"

"No, by G—, no more than yourself — but I won't — it was something like that stopped all the trade fifteen or twenty years ago — You have heard of the Loup?"

"I have heard *him* (indicating the corpse by a jerk of his head) tell about that job — G—d, how he used to laugh when he shewed us how he fetched him off the perch!"

"Well, but it did up the trade for one while."

"How should that be?"

"Why, the people got rusty about it, and would not deal, and they had bought so many brooms that" —

"Well, for all that, I think we should be down upon the fellow one of these darkmans, and let him get it well."

"But old Meg's asleep now," said another; "she grows a driveller, and is afraid of her shadow. She'll sing out, some of these odd-come-shortlies, if you don't look sharp.

«Never fear," said the old gypsey man; «Meg's true-bred; she's the last in the gang that will start — but she has some queer ways, and often cuts queer words."

With more of this gibberish, they continued the conversation, rendering it thus, even to each other, a dark obscure dialect, eked out by significant nods and signs, but never expressing distinctly, or in plain language, the subject on which it turned. At length one of them observing Meg was still fast asleep, or appeared to be so, desired one of the lads «to hand in the black Peter, that they might flick it open." The boy stepped to the door, and brought in a portmanteau, which Brown instantly recognised for his own. His thoughts immediately turned to the unfortunate lad he had left with the carriage. Had the ruffians murdered him? was the horrible doubt that crossed his mind. The agony of his attention grew yet keener, and while the villains pulled out and admired the different articles of his clothes and linen, he eagerly listened for some indication that might intimate the fate of the postillion. But the ruffians were too much delighted with their prize, and too much busied in examining its contents, to enter into any details concerning

the manner in which they had acquired it. The portmanteau contained various articles of apparel, a pair of pistols, a leathern case with a few papers and some money, etc. etc. At any other time it would have provoked Brown excessively to see the unceremonious manner in which the thieves shared his property, and made themselves merry at the expence of the owner. But the moment was too perilous to admit any thoughts but what had immediate reference to self-preservation.

After a sufficient scrutiny into the partmanteau, and an equitable division of its contents, the ruffians applied themselves more closely to the serious occupation of drinking, in which they spent the greater part of the night. Brown was for some time in great hopes that they would drink so deep as to render themselves insensible, when his escape would have been an easy matter. But their dangerous trade required precautions inconsistent with such unlimited indulgence, and they stopped short on this side of absolute intoxication. Three of them at length composed themselves to rest, while the fourth watched. He was relieved in this duty by one of the others, after a vigil of two hours. When the second watch had elap-

sed, the sentinel awakened the whole, who, to Brown's inexpressible relief, began to make some preparations as if for departure, bundling up the various articles which each had appropriated. Still, however, there remained something to be done. Two of them, after some rummaging, which not a little alarmed Brown, produced a mattock and shovel, another took a pick axe from behind the straw on which the dead body was extended. With these implements they all left the hut but three, and these, two of whom were the seamen, very strong men, still remained in garrison.

After the space of about half an hour, one of those who had departed again returned, and whispered the others. They wrapped up the dead body in the seacloak which had served as a pall, and went out, bearing it along with them. The aged sybil then arose from her real or feigned slumbers. She first went to the door, as if for the purpose of watching the departure of her late inmates, then returned, and commanded Brown, in a low and stifled voice, to follow her instantly. He obeyed; but, on leaving the hut, he would willingly have repossessed himself of his money, or papers at least, but this she prohibited in the most peremptory

manner. It immediately occurred to him that the suspicion of having removed any thing, of which he might repossess himself, would fall upon this woman, by whom, in all probability, his life had been saved. He therefore immediately desisted from his atempt, contenting himself with seizing a cutlass, which one of the ruffians had flung aside among the straw. On his feet, and possessed of this weapon, he already found himself half delivered from the dangers which beset him. Still, however, he felt stiffened and cramped, both with the cold, and by the constrained and unaltered position which he had occupied all night. But as he followed the gypsey from the door of the hut, the fresh air of the dawn, and the action of walking, restored circulation and activity to his benumbed limbs.

The pale light of a winter's morning was rendered more clear by the snow, which was lying all around, crisped by the influence of a severe frost. Brown cast a hasty glance at the landscape around him, that he might be able again to know the spot. The little tower, of which only a single vault remained, forming the dismal apartment in which he had spent this remarkable night, was perched on the very point

of a projecting rock overhanging the rivulet. It was accessible only on one side, and that from the ravine or glen below. On the other three sides the bank was precipitous, so that Brown had on the preceding evening escaped more dangers than one; for, if he had attempted to go round the building, which was once his purpose, he must have been dashed to pieces. The dell was so narrow that the trees met in some places from the opposite sides. They were now loaded with snow instead of leaves, and thus formed a sort of frozen canopy over the rivulet beneath, which was marked by its darker colour, as it soaked its way obscurely through wreaths of snow. In one place, where the glen was a little wider, leaving a small piece of flat ground between the rivulet and the bank, were situated the ruins of the hamlet in which Brown had been involved on the preceding evening. The ruined gables, the insides of which were japanned with turf smoke, looked yet blacker, contrasted with the patches of snow which had been driven against them by the wind, and with the drifts which lay around them.

Upon this wintry and dismal scene, Brown could only at present cast a very hasty glance; for his guide, after pausing an instant, as if to

permit him to indulge his curiosity, strode hastily before him down the path which led into the glen. He observed, with some feelings of suspicion, that she chose a track already marked by several feet, which he could only suppose were those of the depredators who had spent the night in the vault. A moment's recollection, however, put his suspicions to rest. It was not to be thought that the woman, who might have delivered him up to her gang when in a state totally defenceless, would have suspended her supposed treachery until he was armed, and in the open air, and had so many better chances of defence or escape. He therefore followed his guide in confidence and silence. They crossed the small brook at the same place where it previously had been passed by those who had gone before. The foot-marks then proceeded through the ruined village, and from thence down the glen, which again narrowed to a ravine, after the small opening in which they were situated. But the gypsey no longer followed the same track; she turned aside, and led the way by a very rugged and uneven path up the bank which overhung the village. Although the snow in many places hid the pathway, and rendered the footing uncertain and unsafe, Meg proceeded with a firm and deter-

mined step, which indicated an intimate knowledge of the ground she traversed. At length they gained the top of the bank, though by a passage so steep and intricate, that Brown, though convinced it was the same by which he had descended on the night before, was not a little surprised how he had accomplished the task without breaking his neck. Above, the country opened wide and uninclosed for about a mile or two on the one hand, and on the other were thick plantations of considerable extent.

Meg, however, still led the way along the bank of the ravine out of which they had ascended, until she heard beneath the murmur of voices. She then pointed to a deep plantation of trees at some distance. — «The road to Kippletringan," she said, «is on the other side of these inclosures — Make the speed ye can; there's mair rests on your life than on other folk's. — But you have lost all — stay." She fumbled in an immense pocket, from which she produced a greasy purse. — «Many's the *awmous* your house has gi'en Meg and hers — and she has lived to pay it back in a small degree;" — and she placed the purse in his hand.

«The woman is insane," thought Brown; but it was no time to debate the point, for the

sounds he heard in the ravine below probably proceeded from the banditti. «How shall I repay this money," he said, «or how acknowledge the kindness you have done me?"

«I hae twa boons to crave," answered the sybil, speaking low and hastily; «one, that you will never speak of what you have seen this night; the other, that you will not leave this country till you see me again, and that you leave word at the Gordonarms where you are to be heard of; and when I next call for you, be it in church or market, at wedding or at burial, Sunday or Saturday, meal-time or fasting, that ye leave every thing else and come with me."

«Why, that will do you little good, mother."

«But it will do yoursell muckle, and that's what I'm thinking o'. — I am not mad, although I have had eneugh to make me sae — I am not mad, nor doating, nor drunken — I know what I am asking, and I know it has been the will of God to preserve you in strange dangers, and that I shall be the instrument to set you in your father's seat again. — Sae give me your promise, and mind that you owe your life to me this blessed night."

There's wildness in her manner, certainly, thought Brown, and yet it is more like the wildness of energy than of madness.

"Well, mother, since you do ask so useless and trifling a favour, you have my promise. It will at least give me an opportunity to repay your money with additions. You are an uncommon kind of creditor, no doubt, but" —

«Away, away, then!" said she, waving her hand. «Think not about the gowd — it's a' your ain — but remember your promise, and do not dare to follow me or look after me." So saying, she plunged again into the dell, and descended it with great agility, the icicles and snow-wreaths showering down after her as she disappeared.

Notwithstanding her prohibition, Brown endeavoured to gain some point of the bank, from which he might, unseen, gaze down into the glen; and with some difficulty, (for it must be conceived that the utmost caution was necessary,) he succeeded. The spot which he attained for this purpose was the point of a projecting rock, which rose precipitously from among the trees. By kneeling down among the

snow, and stretching his head cautiously forward, he could observe what was going on in the bottom of the dell. He saw, as he expected, his companions of the last night, now joined by two or three others. They had cleared away the snow from the foot of the rock, and dug a deep pit, which was designed to serve the purpose of a grave. Around this they now stood, and lowered into it something wrapped in a naval cloak, which Brown instantly concluded to be the dead body of the man he had seen expire. They then stood silent for half a minute, as if under some touch of feeling for the loss of their companion. But if they experienced such, they did not long remain under its influence, for all hands went presently to work to fill up the grave; and Brown, perceiving that the task would be soon ended, thought it best to take the gypsey woman's hint, and walk as fast as possible until he should gain the shelter of the plantation.

Having arrived under cover of the trees, his first thought was of the gypsey's purse. He had accepted it without hesitation, though with something like a feeling of degradation, arising from the character of the person by whom he was thus accommodated. But it relieved him

from a serious though temporary embarrassment. His money, excepting a very few shillings, was in his portmanteau, and that was in possession of Meg's friends. Some time was necessary to write to his agent, or even to apply to his good host at Charlies-hope, who would gladly have supplied him. In the mean time, he resolved to avail himself of Meg's subsidy, confident he would have a speedy opportunity of replacing it with a handsome gratuity. «It can be but a trifling sum," he said to himself, «and I dare say the good lady may have a share of my bank-notes to make amends."

With these reflections he opened the leathern-purse, expecting to find at most three or four guineas. But how much was he surprised to discover that it contained, besides a considerable quantity of gold pieces, of different coinages and various countries, the joint amount of which could not be short of a hundred pounds, several valuable rings and ornaments set with jewels, and, as appeared from the slight inspection he had time to give them, of very considerable value.

Brown was equally astonished and embarrassed by the circumstances in which he found

himself, possessed, as he now seemed to be, of property to a much greater amount than his own, but which had been obtained in all probability by the same nefarious means through which he had himself been plundered. His first thought was to enquire after the nearest justice of peace, and to place in his hands the treasure of which he had thus unexpectedly become the depository, telling, at the same time, his own remarkable story. But a moment's consideration brought several objections to this mode of procedure. In the first place, he should break his promise of silence, and was certain by that means to involve the safety, perhaps the life, of this woman, who had risked her own to preserve his, and who had voluntarily endowed him with this treasure, — a generosity which might thus become the means of her ruin. This was not to be thought of. Besides he was a stranger, and, for a time at least, unprovided with means of establishing his own character and credit to the satisfaction of a stupid or obstinate country magistrate. «I will think over the matter more maturely," he said; «perhaps there may be a regiment quartered at the county-town, in which case my knowledge of the service, and acquaintance with many officers of the army, cannot fail to establish my situation

and character by evidence, which a civil judge could not sufficiently estimate. And then I shall have the commanding officer's assistance in managing matters so as to screen this unhappy madwoman, whose mistake or prejudice has been so fortunate for me. A civil magistrate might think himself obliged to send out warrants for her at once, and the consequence in case of her being taken is pretty evident — No, she has been upon honour with me if she were the devil, and I will be equally upon honour with her — She shall have the privilege of a court-martial, where the point of honour can qualify strict law. Besides I may see her at this place, Kipple — Couple — what did she call it? — and then I can make restitution to her, and e'en let the law claim its own when it can secure her. In the meanwhile, however, I cut rather an awkward figure for one who has the honour to bear his majesty's commission, being little better than the receiver of stolen goods."

With these reflections, Brown took from the gypsey's treasure three or four guineas, for the purpose of his immediate expences, and tying up the rest in the purse which contained them, resolved not again to open it, until he could either restore it to her by whom it was given,

or put it into the hands of some public functionary. He next thought of the cutlass, and his first impulse was to leave it in the plantation. But when he considered the risk of meeting with these ruffians, he could not resolve upon parting with his arms. His walking-dress, though plain, had so much of a military character as suited not amiss with his having such a weapon. Besides, though the custom of wearing swords by persons out of uniform had been gradually becoming antiquated, it was not yet so totally forgotten as to occasion any particular remark towards those who chose to adhere to it. Retaining, therefore, his weapon of defence, and placing the purse of the gypsey in a private pocket, our traveller strode gallantly on through the wood in search of the promised high-road.

CHAPTER XXIX.

All school-day's friendship, childhood innocence,
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needles created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key,
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate.

A Midsummer Night's Dream.

Julia Mannering to Matilda Marchmont.

» How can you upbraid me, my dearest Matilda, with abatement in friendship or fluctuation in affection? Is it possible for me to forget that you are the chosen of my heart,

in whose faithful bosom I have deposited every feeling which your poor Julia dares to acknowledge to herself? And you do me equal injustice in upbraiding me with exchanging your friendship for that of Lucy Bertram. I assure you she has not the materials I must seek for in a bosom confidante. She is a charming girl, to be sure, and I like her very much, and I confess our forenoon and evening engagements have left me less time for the exercise of my pen than our proposed regularity of correspondence demands. But she is totally devoid of elegant accomplishments, excepting the knowledge of French and Italian, which she acquired from the most grotesque monster you ever beheld, whom my father has engaged as a kind of librarian, and whom he patronises, I believe, to show his defiance of the world's opinion. Colonel Mannering seems to have formed a determination, that nothing shall be considered as ridiculous, so long as it appertains to or is connected with him. I remember in India he had picked up somewhere a little mongrel cur, with bandy legs, a long back, and huge flapping ears. Of this uncouth creature he chose to make a favourite, in despite of all taste and opinion; and I remember one instance which he alleged, of what he

called Brown's petulance, was, that he had criticized severely the crooked legs and drooping ears of Bingo. On my word, Matilda, I believe he nurses his high opinion of this most awkward of all pedants upon a similar principle. He seats the creature at table, where he pronounces a grace that sounds like the scream of the man in the square that used to cry mackarel, flings his meat down his throat by shovelfulls, like a person loading a cart, and apparently without the most distant perception of what he is swallowing, — then bleats forth another unnatural set of tones, by way of returning thanks, stalks out of the room, and immerses himself among a parcel of huge worm-eaten folios that are as uncouth as himself! I could endure the creature well enough, had I any body to laugh with; but Lucy Bertram, if I but verge on the border of a jest affecting this same Mr Sampson, (such is the horrid man's horrid name) looks so piteous, that it deprives me of all spirit to proceed, and my father knits his brow, flashes fire from his eye, bites his lip, and says something that is extremely rude and uncomfortable to my feelings."

"It was not of this creature, however, that I meant to speak to you — only that, being

a good scholar in the modern, as well as the ancient languages, he has contrived to make Lucy Bertram mistress of the former, and she has only, I believe, to thank her own good sense or obstinacy, that the Greek, Latin, (and Hebrew, for aught I know) were not added to her acquisitions. And thus she really has a great fund of information, and I assure you I am daily surprised at the power which she seems to possess of amusing herself by recalling and arranging the subjects of her former reading. We read together every morning, and I begin to like the Italian much better than when we were teazed by that conceited animal Cicipici; — this is the way to spell his name, and not Chichipichi — you see I grow a connoisseur.

«But perhaps I like Miss Bertram more for the accomplishments she wants, than for the knowledge she possesses. She knows nothing of music whatever, and no more of dancing than is here common to the meanest peasant, who, by the way, dance with great zeal and spirit So that I am instructor in my turn, and she takes with great gratitude lessons from me upon the harpsichord, and I have even taught her some of La Pique's

steps, and you know he thought me a promising scholar.

„In the evening papa often reads, and I assure you he is the best reader of poetry you ever heard — not like that actor, who made a kind of jumble between reading and acting, staring, and bending his brow, and twisting his face, and gesticulating as if he were on the stage, and dressed out in all his costume. My father's manner is quite different — it is the reading of a gentleman, who produces effect by feeling, taste, and inflection of voice, not by action or mummery. Lucy Bertram rides remarkably well, and I can now accompany her on horseback, having become emboldened by example. We walk also a good deal in spite of the cold — So, upon the whole, I have not quite so much time for writing as I used to have.

„Besides, my love, I must really use the apology of all stupid correspondents, that I have nothing to say. My hopes, my fears, my anxieties about Brown are of a less interesting cast, since I know that he is at liberty, and in health. Besides, I must own, I think that by this time the gentleman might have

given me some intimation what he was doing. Our intercourse may be an imprudent one, but it is not very complimentary to me, that Mr Vanbeest Brown should be the first to discover that, and to break of in consequence. I can promise him that we might not differ much in opinion should that happen to be his, for I have sometimes thought I have behaved extremely foolishly in that matter. Yet I have so good an opinion of poor Brown, that I cannot but think there is something extraordinary in his silence.

« To return to Lucy Bertram — No, my dearest Matilda, she can never, never rival you in my regard, so that all your affectionate jealousy on that account is without foundation. She is, to be sure, a very pretty, a very sensible, a very affectionate girl, and I think there are few persons to whose consolatory friendship I could have recourse more freely in what are called the *real evils* of life. But then these so seldom come in one's way, and one wants a friend who will sympathize with distresses of sentiment, as well as with actual misfortune. Heaven knows, and you know, my dearest Matilda, that these diseases of the heart require the balm of sympathy and affection as much

as the evils of a more obvious and determinate character. Now Lucy Bertram has nothing of this kindly sympathy — nothing at all, my dearest Matilda. Were I sick of a fever, she would sit up night after night to nurse me with the most unrepining patience; but with the fever of the heart, which my Matilda has soothed so often, she has no more sympathy than her old tutor. And yet what provokes me is, that the demure monkey actually has a lover of her own, and that their mutual affection (for mutual I take it be) has a great deal of complicated and romantic interest. She was once, you must know, a great heiress, but was ruined by the prodigality of her father, and the villainy of a horrid man in whom he confided. And one of the handsomest young gentlemen in the country is attached to her, but as he is heir to a great estate, she discourages his addresses on account of the disproportion of their fortune.

"But with all this moderation, and self denial, and modesty, and so forth, Lucy is a sly girl — I am sure she loves young Hazlewood, and I am sure he has some guess of that, and would probably bring her to acknowledge it too, if my father or she would allow him an

opportunity. But you must know the Colonel is always himself in the way to pay Miss Bertram those attentions which afford the best direct opportunities for a young gentleman in Hazlewood's situation. I would have my good papa take care that he does not himself pay the usual penalty of meddling folks. I assure you, if I were Hazlewood, I should look on his compliments, his bowings, his cloakings, his shawlings, and his handings, with some little suspicion; and truly I think Hazlewood does so too at some odd times. Then imagine what a silly figure your poor Julia makes upon such occasions! Here is my father making the agreeable to my friend; there is young Hazlewood watching every word of her lips, and every motion of her eye; and I have not the poor satisfaction of interesting a human being — not even the exotic monster of a parson, for even he sits with his mouth open, and his huge round goggling eyes fixed like those of a statue, admiring Miss Bertram!

«All this makes me sometimes a little nervous, and sometimes a little mischievous. I was so provoked at my father and the lovers the other day for turning me completely out of their thoughts and society, that I began an

attack upon Hazlewood, from which it was impossible for him, in common civility, to escape. He insensibly became warm in his defence — I assure you, Matilda, he is a very clever, as well as a very handsome young man, and I don't think I ever remember having seen him to the same advantage — when, behold, in the midst of our lively conversation, a very soft sigh from Miss Lucy reached my not ungratified ears. I was greatly too generous to prosecute my victory any farther, even if I had not been afraid of papa. Luckily for me he had at that moment got into a long description of the peculiar notions and manners of a certain tribe of Indians, who live far up the country, and was illustrating them by making drawings on Miss Bertram's work-patterns, three of which he utterly damaged, by introducing among the intricacies of the pattern his specimens of oriental costume. But I believe she thought as little of her own gown at the moment as of the India turbands and cummerbands. However, it was quite as well for me that he did not see all the merit of my little manœuvre, for he is as sharp-sighted as a hawk, and a sworn enemy to the slightest shade of coquetry.

«Well, Matilda, Hazlewood heard this same half-audible sigh, and instantly repented his temporary attentions to such an unworthy object as your Julia, and, with a very comical expression of consciousness, drew near to Lucy's work-table. He made some trifling observation, and her reply was one in which nothing but an ear as acute as that of a lover, or a curious observer, like myself, could have distinguished any thing more cold and dry than usual. But it conveyed reproof to the self-accusing hero, and he stood abashed accordingly. You will admit that I was called upon in generosity to act as mediator. So I mingled in the conversation, in the quiet tone of an unobserving and uninterested third party, led them into their former habits of easy chat, and, after having served awhile as the channel of communication through which they chose to address each other, set them down to a pensive game at chess, and very dutifully went to teaze papa, who was still busied with his drawings. The chess-players, you must observe, were placed near the chimney beside a little work-table, which held the board and men, the Colonel, at some distance, with lights upon a library table, — for it is a large old-fashioned room, with several recesses, and

hung with grim tapestry, representing what it might have puzzled the artist himself to explain.

'Is chess a very interesting game, papa?'

'I am told so,' without honouring me with his attention.

'I should think so,' from the attention Mr Hazlewood and Lucy are bestowing on it.'

«He raised his head hastily, and held his pencil suspended for an instant. Apparently he saw nothing that excited his suspicions, for he was resuming the folds of a Mahratta's turban in tranquillity, when I interrupted him with — 'How old is Miss Bertram, sir?'

'How should I know, Miss? about your own age, I suppose.'

'Older, I should think, sir. You are always telling me how much more decorously she goes through all the honours of the tea-table — Lord, papa, what if you should give her a right to preside once and for ever!'

'Julia, my dear, you are either a fool outright, or you are more disposed to make mischief than I have yet believed you.'

'Oh, my dear sir! put your best construction upon it — I would not be thought a fool for all the world.'

'Then why do you talk like one?'

'Lord, sir, I am sure there is nothing so foolish in what I said just now — every body knows you are a very handsome man,' (a smile was just visible) 'that is, for your time of life,' (the dawn was overcast) 'which is far from being advanced, and I am sure I don't know why you should not please yourself if you have a mind. I am sensible I am but a thoughtless girl, and if a graver companion could render you more happy' —

« There was a mixture of displeasure and grave affection in the manner in which my father took my hand, that was a severe reproof to me for trifling with his feelings. 'Julia,' he said, 'I bear with much of your petulance, because I think I have in some degree deserved it, by neglecting to superintend your

education sufficiently closely. Yet I would not have you give it the rein upon a subject so delicate. If you do not respect the feelings of your surviving parent towards the memory of her whom you have lost, attend at least to the sacred claims of misfortune; and observe, that the slightest hint of such a jest reaching Miss Bertram's ears, would at once induce her to renounce her present asylum, and go forth, without a protector, into a world she has already felt so unfriendly.'

« What could I say to this, Matilda? — I only cried heartily, begged pardon, and promised to be a good girl in future. And so here am I neutralized again, for I cannot, in honour, or common good nature, teaze poor Lucy by interfering with Hazlewood, although she has so little confidence in me; and neither can I, after this grave appeal, venture again upon such delicate ground with papa. So I burn little rolls of paper, and sketch Turks' heads upon visiting cards with the blackened end — I assure you I succeeded in making a superb Hyder-Ally last night — and I jingle on my unfortunate harpsichord, and begin at the end of a grave book and read it backward. — After all, I begin to be very much vexed about

Brown's silence. Had he been obliged to leave the country, I am sure he would at least have written to me — Can it be possible that my father can have intercepted his letters? But no — that is contrary to all his principles — I don't think he would open a letter addressed to me to-night, to prevent my jumping out of window to-morrow — What an expression I have suffered to escape my pen! I should be ashamed of it, even to you, Matilda, and used in jest. But I need not take much merit for acting as I ought to do — This same Mr Vanbeest Brown is by no means so very ardent a lover as to hurry the object of his attachment into such inconsiderate steps. He gives one full time to reflect, that must be admitted. However, I will not blame him unheard, nor permit myself to doubt the manly firmness of a character which I have so often extolled to you. Were he capable of doubt, of fear, of the shadow of change, I should have little to regret.

«And why, you will say, when I expect such steady and unalterable constancy from a lover, why should I be anxious about what Hazlewood does, or to whom he offers his attentions? — I ask myself the question a hundred times

a-day, and it only receives the very silly answer, that one does not like to be neglected, though one would not encourage a serious infidelity. —

«I write all these trifles, because you say that they amuse you, and yet I wonder how they should. I remember in our stolen voyages to the world of fiction, you always admired the grand and the romantic — tales of knights, dwarfs, giants, and distressed damsels, sooth-sayers, visions, beckoning ghosts, and bloody hands, — whereas I was partial to the involved intrigues of private life, or at farthest, to so much only of the supernatural as is conferred by the agency of an eastern genie or a beneficent fairy. *You* would have loved to shape your course of life over the broad ocean, with its dead calms and howling tempests, its tornadoes, and its billows mountain high, — whereas I should like to trim my little pinnace to a brisk breeze in some inland lake or tranquil bay, where there was just difficulty of navigation sufficient to give interest and to require skill, without any great degree of danger. So that, upon the whole, Matilda, I think you should have had my father, with his pride of arms and of ancestry, his chivalrous point of honour, his high talents, and his abstruse and

mystic studies — You should have had Lucy Bertram too for your friend, whose fathers, with names which alike defy memory and orthography, ruled over this romantic country, and whose birth took place, as I have been indistinctly informed, under circumstances of deep and peculiar interest — You should have had, too, our residence surrounded by mountains, and our lonely walks to haunted ruins — And I should have had, in exchange, the lawns and shrubs, and green-houses, and conservatories of Pine-park, with your good quiet indulgent aunt, her chapel in the morning, her nap after dinner, her hand at whist in the evening, not forgetting her fat coach-horses and fatter coachman. Take notice, however, that Brown is not included in this proposed barter of mine — his good humour, lively conversation, and open gallantry, suit my plan of life, as well as his athletic form, handsome features, and high spirit, would accord with a character of chivalry. So as we cannot change altogether out and out, I think we must e'en abide as we are.»

CHAPTER XXX.

I renounce your defiance; if you parley so roughly I'll barricado my gates against you — Do you see yon bay window? Storm, — I care not, serving the good Duke of Norfolk.

MERRY DEVIL of EDMONTON.

Julia Mannering to Matilda Marchmont.

„I RISE from a sick-bed, my dearest Matilda, to communicate the strange and frightful scenes which have just passed. Alas! how little we ought to jest with futurity! I closed my letter to you in high spirits, with some flippant remarks on your taste for the romantic and the extraordinary in fictitious narrative. How

little I expected to have had such events to record in the course of a few days. And to witness scenes of terror, or to contemplate them in description, is as different, my dearest Matilda, as to bend over the brink of a precipice holding by the frail tenure of a half-rooted shrub, or to admire the same precipice in the land-scape of Salvator. But I will not anticipate my narrative.

« The first part of my story is frightful enough, though it had nothing to interest my feelings. You must know that this country is particularly favourable to the commerce of a set of desperate men from the Isle of Man, which is nearly opposite. These smugglers are numerous, resolute, and formidable, and have at different times become the dread of the neighbourhood, when any one has interfered with their contraband trade. The local magistrates, from timidity or worse motives, are become shy of acting against them, and impunity has rendered them equally daring and desperate. With all this, my father, a stranger in the land, and invested with no official authority, had, one would think, nothing to do. But it must be owned, that, as he himself expresses it, he was born when Mars was lord

of his ascendant, and that strife and bloodshed find him out in circumstances and situations the most retired and pacific.

« About eleven o'clock on last Tuesday morning, while Hazlewood and my father were proposing to walk to a little lake about three miles distance, for the purpose of shooting wild-ducks, and while Lucy and I were busied with arranging our plan of work and study for the day, we were alarmed by the sound of horses' feet, advancing very fast up the avenue. The ground was hardened by a severe frost, which made the clatter of the hoofs sound yet louder and sharper. In a moment, two or three men, armed, mounted, and each leading a spare horse loaded with packages, appeared on the lawn, and without keeping upon the road, which makes a small sweep, pushed right across the lawn for the door of the house. Their appearance was in the utmost degree hurried and disordered, and they frequently looked back like men who apprehended a close and deadly pursuit. My father and Hazlewood hurried to the front door to demand who they were, and what was their business. They were revenue officers, they stated, who had seized these horses, loaded with contra-

band articles, at a place about three miles off. But the smugglers had been reinforced, and were now pursuing them with the avowed purpose of recovering the goods, and putting to death the officers who had presumed to do their duty. The men said, that their horses being loaded, and the pursuers gaining ground upon them, they had fled to Woodbourne, conceiving, that as my father had served the king, he would not refuse to protect the servants of government, when threatened to be murdered in the discharge of their duty.

«My father, to whom, in his enthusiastic feelings of military loyalty, even a dog would be of importance, if he came in the king's name, gave prompt orders for securing the goods in the hall, arming the servants, and defending the house in case it should be necessary. Hazlewood seconded him with great spirit, and even the strange animal they call Sampson stalked out of his den, and seized upon a fowling-piece, which my father had laid aside, to take what they call a rifle-gun, with which they shoot tygers, etc. in the East. The piece went off in the awkward hands of the poor parson, and very nearly shot one of the excisemen. At this unexpected and volun-

tary explosion of his weapon, the Dominie (such is his nickname) exclaimed 'Prodigious!' which is his usual ejaculation when astonished. But no power could force the man to part with his discharged piece, so they were content to let him retain it, with the precaution of trusting him with no ammunition. This (excepting the alarm occasioned by the report) escaped my notice at the time, you may easily believe; but in talking over the scene afterwards, Hazlewood made us very merry with the Dominie's ignorant but zealous valour.

"When my father had got every thing into proper order for defence, and his people stationed at the windows with their firearms, he wanted to order us out of danger — into the cellar, I believe — but we could not be prevailed upon to stir. Though terrified to death, I have so much of his own spirit, that I would look upon the peril which threatens us rather than hear it rage around me without knowing its nature or its progress. Lucy, looking as pale as a marble statue, and keeping her eyes fixed on Hazlewood, seemed not even to hear the prayers with which he conjured her to leave the front of the house. But, in truth, unless the hall-door should be forced, we

were in little danger — the windows were almost blocked up with cushions and pillows, and, what the Dominie most lamented, with folio volumes, brought hastily from the library, leaving only spaces through which the defenders might fire upon the assailants.

«My father had now made his dispositions, and we sat in breathless expectation in the darkened apartment, the men remaining all silent upon their posts, in anxious contemplation probably of the approaching danger. My father, who was quite at home in such a scene, walked from one to another, and reiterated his orders, that no one should presume to fire until he gave the word. Hazlewood, who seemed to catch courage from his eye, acted as his aid-de-camp, and displayed the utmost alertness in bearing his directions from one place to another, and seeing them properly carried into execution. Our force, with the strangers included, might amount to about twelve men.

«At length the silence of this awful period of expectation was broken by a sound, which, at a distance, was like the rushing of a stream of water, but, as it approached, we distinguished the thick-beating clang of a number

of horses advancing very fast. I had arranged a loop-hole for myself, from which I could see the approach of the enemy. The noise increased and came nearer, and at length thirty horsemen and more rushed at once upon the lawn. You never saw such horrid wretches! Notwithstanding the severity of the season, they were most of them stripped to their shirts and trowsers, with silk handkerchiefs knotted about their heads, and all well armed with carbines, pistols, and cutlasses. I, who am a soldier's daughter, and accustomed to see war from my infancy, was never so terrified in my life as by the savage appearance of these ruffians, their horses reeking with the speed at which they had rode, and their furious exclamations of rage and disappointment, when they saw themselves baulked of their prey. They paused, however, when they saw the preparations made to receive them, and appeared to hold a moment's consultation among themselves. At length, one of the party, his face blackened with gunpowder by way of disguise, came forward with a white handkerchief on the end of his carbine, and asked to speak with Colonel Mannering. My father, to my infinite terror, threw open a window near which he was posted, and demanded what he wanted.

'We want our goods, which we have been robbed of by these sharks,' said the fellow; 'and our lieutenant bids me say, that if they are delivered, we'll go off for this bout without clearing scores with the rascals who took them; but if not, we'll burn the house, and have the heart's blood of every one in it;' — a threat which he repeated more than once, graced by a fresh variety of imprecations, and the most horrid denunciations that cruelty could suggest.

'And which is your lieutenant?' said my father in reply.

'That gentleman upon the grey horse,' said the miscreant, 'with the red handkerchief bound about his brow.'

'Then be pleased to tell that gentleman, that if he, and the scoundrels who are with him, do not ride off the lawn this instant, I will fire upon them without ceremony.' So saying, my father shut the window, and broke short the conference.

«The fellow no sooner regained his troop, than, with a loud hurra, or rather a savage yell, they fired a volley against our garrison. The glass of the windows was shattered in

every direction, but the precautions already noticed saved the party within from suffering. Three such volleys were fired without a shot being returned from within. My father then observed them getting hatchets and crows, probably to assail the hall door, and called aloud, 'Let none fire but Hazlewood and I — Hazlewood, mark the ambassador.' He himself aimed at the man on the grey horse, who fell on receiving his shot. — Hazlewood was equally successful. He shot the spokesman, who had dismounted, and was advancing with an axe in his hand. Their fall discouraged the rest, who began to turn round their horses; and a few shots fired at them soon sent them off, bearing along with them their slain or wounded companions. — We could not observe that they suffered any farther loss. Shortly after their retreat a party of soldiers made their appearance, to my infinite relief. These men were quartered at a village some miles distant, and had marched upon the first rumour of the skirmish. A part of them escorted the terrified revenue officers and their seizure to a neighbouring sea-port as a place of safety, and at my earnest request two or three files remained with us for that and the following day, for the security of the house from the vengeance of these banditti.

«Such, dearest Matilda, was my first alarm. I must not forget to add, that the ruffians left, at a cottage on the road-side, the man whose face was blackened with powder, apparently because he was unable to bear transportation. He died in about half an hour after. Upon examining the corpse, it proved to be that of a boor in the neighbourhood, a person notorious as a poacher and smuggler. We received many messages of congratulation from the neighbouring families, and it was generally allowed that a few such instances of spirited resistance would greatly check the presumption of these lawless men. My father distributed rewards among his servants, and praised Hazlewood's courage and coolness to the skies. Lucy and I came in for a share of his applause, because we had stood fire with firmness, and had not disturbed him with screams or expostulations. As for the Dominie, my father took an opportunity of begging to exchange snuff-boxes with him. The honest gentleman was much flattered with the proposal, and extolled the beauty of his new snuff-box excessively. 'It looked,' he said, 'as well as if it were real gold from Ophir' — Indeed it would be odd if it should not, being formed in fact of that very metal; but, to do this honest creature justice, I be-

lieve the knowledge of its real value would not enhance his sense of my father's kindness, supposing it, as he does, to be pinchbeck gilded. He has had a hard task replacing the folios which were used in the barricade, smoothing out the creases and dogs-ears, and repairing the other disasters they have sustained during their service in the fortification. He brought us some pieces of lead and bullets which these ponderous tomes had intercepted during the action, and which he had extracted with great care; and, were I in spirits, I could give you a comic account of his astonishment at the apathy with which we heard of the wounds and mutilation suffered by Thomas Aquinas, or the venerable Chrysostom. But I am not in spirits, and I have yet another and a more interesting incident to communicate. I feel, however, so much fatigued with my present exertion, that I cannot resume the pen till to-morrow. I will detain this letter notwithstanding, that you may not feel any anxiety upon account of your own

«JULIA MANNERING.»

CHAPTER XXXI.

Here's a good world!
— Knew you of this fair work?

KING JOHN.

Julia Mannering to Matilda Marchmont.

«I MUST take up the thread of my story, my dearest Matilda, where I broke off yesterday.

«For two or three days we talked of nothing but our siege and its probable consequences, and dinned into my father's unwilling ears a proposal to go to Edinburgh, or at least to Dumfries, where there is remarkably good society, until the resentment of these outlaws should blow over. He answered with great composure, that he had no mind to have his landlord's house and his own property at Woodbourne destroyed; that, with our good leave,

he had usually been esteemed competent to taking measures for the safety or protection of his family; that if he remained quiet at home, he conceived the welcome the villains had received was not of a nature to invite a second visit, but should he shew any signs of alarm, it would be the sure way to incur the very risk which we were afraid of. Heartened by his arguments, and by the extreme indifference with which he treated the supposed danger, we began to grow a little bolder, and to walk about as usual. Only the gentlemen were sometimes invited to take their guns when they attended us, and I observed that my father for several nights paid particular attention to having the house properly secured, and required his domestics to keep their arms in readiness in case of necessity.

«But three days ago chanced an occurrence, of a nature which alarmed me more by far than the attack of the smugglers.

«I told you there was a small lake at some distance from Woodbourne, where the gentlemen sometimes go to shoot wildfowl. I happened at breakfast to say I should like to see this place in its present frozen state, occupied

by skaters and curlers, as they call those who play a particular sort of game upon the ice. There is snow on the ground, but frozen so hard that I thought Lucy and I might venture to that distance, as the footpath leading there was well beaten by the repair of those who frequented it for pastime. Hazlewood instantly offered to attend us, and we stipulated that he should take his fowling-piece. He laughed a good deal at the idea of going a-shooting in the snow, but, to relieve our tremors, desired that a groom, who acts as game-keeper occasionally, should follow us with his gun. As for Colonel Mannering, he does not like crowds or sights of any kind where human figures make up the show, unless indeed it were a military review — so he declined the party.

We set out unusually early, upon a fine frosty exhilarating morning, and we felt our minds, as well as our nerves, braced by the elasticity of the pure air. Our walk to the lake was delightful, or at least the difficulties were only such as diverted us, a slippery descent for instance, or a frozen ditch to cross, which made Hazlewood's assistance absolutely necessary. I don't think Lucy liked her walk the less for these occasional embarrassments.

«The scene upon the lake was beautiful. One side of it is bordered by a steep crag, from which hung a thousand enormous icicles all glittering in the sun; on the other side was a little wood, now exhibiting that fantastic appearance which the pine-trees present when their branches are loaded with snow. On the frozen bosom of the lake itself were a multitude of moving figures, some flitting along with the velocity of swallows, some sweeping in the most graceful circles, and others deeply interested in a less active pastime, crowding round the spot where the inhabitants of two rival parishes contended for the prize at curling, — an honour of no small importance, if we were to judge from the anxiety expressed both by the players and bye-standers. We walked round the little lake, supported by Hazlewood, who lent us each an arm. He spoke, poor fellow, with great kindness to old and young, and seemed deservingly popular among the assembled crowd. At length we thought of retiring. —

«Why do I mention these trivial occurrences? — not, heaven knows, from the interest I can now attach to them — but because, like a drowning man who catches at a brittle twig, I seize every apology for delaying the subsequent

and dreadful part of my narrative. But it must be communicated — I must have the sympathy of at least one friend under this heart-rending calamity.

«We were returning home by a footpath, which led through a plantation of firs. Lucy had quitted Hazlewood's arm — it is only the plea of absolute necessity which reconciles her to accept his assistance. I still leaned upon his other arm. Lucy followed us close, and the servant was two or three paces behind us. Such was our position, when at once, and as if he had started out of the earth, Brown stood before us at a short turn of the road! He was very plainly, I might say, coarsely dressed, and his whole appearance had in it something wild and agitated. I screamed between surprise and terror — Hazlewood mistook the nature of my alarm, and, when Brown advanced towards me as if to speak, commanded him haughtily to stand back, and not to alarm the lady. Brown replied, with equal asperity, he had no occasion to take lessons from him how to behave to that or any other lady. I rather believe that Hazlewood, impressed with the idea that he belonged to the band of smugglers, and had some bad purpose in view, heard and understood him im-

perfectly. He snatched the gun from the servant, who had come up on a line with us, and, pointing the muzzle at Brown, commanded him to stand off at his peril. My screams, for my terror prevented my finding articulate language, only hastened the catastrophe. Brown, thus menaced, sprung upon Hazlewood, grappled with him, and had nearly succeeded in wrenching the fowling-piece from his grasp, when the gun went off in the struggle, and the contents were lodged in Hazlewood's shoulder, who instantly fell. I saw no more, for the whole scene reeled before my eyes, and I fainted away; but, by Lucy's report, the unhappy perpetrator of this action gazed a moment on the scene before him, until her screams began to alarm the people upon the lake, several of whom now came in sight. He then bounded over a hedge, which divided the foot-path from the plantation, and has not since been heard of. The servant made no attempt to stop or secure him, and the report he made of the matter to those who came up to us, induced them rather to exercise their humanity in recalling me to life, than shew their courage by pursuing a desperado, described by the groom as a man of tremendous personal strength, and completely armed.

«Hazlewood was conveyed home, that is to Woodbourne, in safety — I trust his wound will prove in no respect dangerous, though he suffers much. But to Brown the consequences must be most disastrous. He is already the object of my father's resentment, and he has now incurred danger from the law of the country, as well as from the clamorous vengeance of the father of Hazlewood, who threatens to move heaven and earth against the author of his son's wound. How will he be able to shroud himself from the vindictive activity of the pursuit? how to defend himself, if taken, against the severity of laws which I am told may even affect his life? and how can I find means to warn him of his danger? Then poor Lucy's ill-concealed grief, occasioned by her lover's wound, is another source of distress to me, and every thing round me appears to bear witness against that indiscretion which has occasioned this calamity.

«For two days I was very ill indeed. The news that Hazlewood was recovering, and that the person who had shot him was no where to be traced, only that for certain he was one of the leaders of the gang of smugglers, gave me some comfort. The suspicion and pursuit being directed towards those people, must naturally

facilitate Brown's escape, and, I trust, has, ere this, ensured it. But patroles of horse and foot traverse the country in all directions, and I am tortured by a thousand confused and unauthenticated rumours of arrests and discoveries.

«Meanwhile, my greatest sourse of comfort is the generous candour of Hazlewood, who persists in declaring, that with whatever intentions the person by whom he was wounded approached our party, he is convinced that the gun went off in the struggle by accident, and that the injury he received was undesigned. The groom, on the other hand, maintains that the piece was wrenched out of Hazlewood's hands, and deliberately pointed at his body, and Lucy inclines to the same opinion — I do not suspect them of intentional exaggeration, yet such is the fallacy of human testimony, for the unhappy shot was most unquestionably discharged unintentionally. Perhaps it would be the best way to confide the whole secret to Hazlewood — but he is very young, and I feel the utmost repugnance to communicate to him my folly. I once thought of disclosing the mystery to Lucy, and began by asking what she recollected of the person and features of the man whom we had so unfortunately met — but she ran out

into such a horrid description of a hedge-ruffian, that I was deprived of all courage and disposition to own my attachment to him. I must say Miss Bertram is strangely biassed by her prepossessions, for there are few handsomer men than poor Brown. I had not seen him for a long time, and even in his strange and sudden apparition on this unhappy occasion, and under every disadvantage, his form seems to me, on reflection, improved in grace, and his features in expressive dignity. — Shall we ever meet again? Who can answer that question? — Write to me kindly, my dearest Matilda — but when did you otherwise? — yet, again, write to me soon, and write to me kindly. I am not in a situation to profit by advice or reproof, nor have I my usual spirits to parry them by raillery. I feel the terrors of a child, who has, in heedless sport, put in motion some powerful piece of machinery; and, while he beholds wheels revolving, chains clashing, cylinders rolling around him, is equally astonished at the tremendous powers which his weak agency has called into action, and terrified for the consequences which he is compelled to await, without the possibility of averting them.

«I must not omit to say that my father is

very kind and affectionate. The alarm which I have received forms a sufficient apology for my nervous complaints. My hopes are, that Brown has made his escape into the sister kingdom of England, or perhaps to Ireland, or the Isle of Man. In either case he may wait the issue of Hazlewood's wound with safety and with patience, for the communication of these countries with Scotland, for the purpose of justice, is not (thank Heaven) of an intimate nature. The consequences of his being apprehended would be terrible at this moment. I endeavour to strengthen my mind by arguing against the possibility of such a calamity. Alas! how soon have sorrows and fears, real as well as severe, followed the uniform and tranquil state of existence at which so lately I was disposed to repine! But I will not oppress you any longer with my complaints. Adieu, my dearest Matilda!

«JULIA MANNERING.»

CHAPTER XXXII.

A man may see how this world goes with no eyes. — Look with thine ears: See how yon justice rails upon yon simple thief. Hark in thine ear — Change places; and, handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief?

King Lear.

Among those who took the most lively interest in endeavouring to discover the person by whom young Charles Hazlewood had been way-laid and wounded, was Gilbert Glossin, Esquire, late writer in —, now Laird of Ellangowan, and one of the worshipful commission of justices of the peace for the county of —. His motives for exertion upon this occasion were manifold; but we presume that our readers, from what they already know of this gentleman, will acquit him of being actuated by any zealous or intemperate love of abstract justice.

The truth was, that this respectable personage felt himself less at ease than he had expected, when his machinations put him in possession of his benefactor's estate. His reflections within doors, where so much occurred to remind him of former times, were not always the self-congratulations of successful stratagem. And when he looked abroad, he could not but be sensible that he was excluded from the society of the gentry of the country, to whose rank he conceived he had raised himself. He was not admitted to their clubs, and at meetings of a public nature found himself thwarted and looked upon with coldness and contempt. Both principle and prejudice co-operated in creating this dislike; for the gentlemen of the country despised him for the lowness of his birth, while they hated him for the means by which he had raised his fortune. With the common people his reputation stood still worse. They would neither yield him the territorial appellation of Ellangowan, nor the usual compliment of *Mr* Glossin; — with them he was bare Glossin, and so incredibly was his vanity interested by this trifling circumstance, that he was known to give half-a-crown to a beggar, because he had thrice called him Ellangowan, in beseeching him for a penny. He therefore felt acutely

the general want of respect, and particularly when he contrasted his own character and reception in society with that of Mr Mac-Morlan, who, in far inferior worldly circumstances, was beloved and respected both by rich and poor, and was slowly but securely laying the foundation of a moderate fortune, with the general good-will and esteem of all who knew him.

Glossin, while he repined internally at what he woult fain have called the prejudices and prepossessions of the country, was too wise to make any open complaint. He was sensible his elevation was too recent to be immediately forgiven, and the means by which he had attained it too odious to be soon forgotten. But time, thought he, diminishes wonder and palliates misconduct. With the dexterity, therefore, of one who had made his fortune by studying the weak points of human nature, he determined to lie by for opportunities to make himself useful even to those who most disliked him; confiding that his own abilities, the disposition of country gentlemen to fall into quarrels when a lawyer's advice becomes precious, and a thousand other contingencies, of which, with patience and address, he doubted not to be able to avail himself, would soon place him in a

more important and respectable light to his neighbours.

The attack upon Colonel Mannering's house, followed by the accident of Hazlewood's wound, appeared to Glossin a proper opportunity to impress upon the country at large the service which could be rendered by an active magistrate, (for he had been in the commission for some time) well acquainted with the law, and no less so with the haunts and habits of the illicit traders. He had acquired the latter kind of experience by a former close alliance with some of the most desperate smugglers, in consequence of which he had occasionally acted, sometimes as partner, sometimes as legal adviser, with these persons. But the connection had been dropped many years; nor, considering how short the race of eminent characters of this description, and the frequent circumstances which occur to make them retire from particular scenes of action, had he the least reason to think that his present researches could possibly compromise any old friend who might possess means of retaliation. The having been concerned in these practices abstractedly, was a circumstance which, according to his opinion, ought in no respect to interfere with his now

using his experience in behalf of the public, or rather to further his own private views. To acquire the good opinion and countenance of Colonel Mannering would be no small object to a gentleman who was much disposed to escape from Coventry; and to gain the favour of old Hazlewood, who was a leading man in the county, was of more importance still. Lastly, if he should succeed in discovering, apprehending, and convicting the culprits, he would have the satisfaction of mortifying, and in some degree disparaging, Mac-Morlan, to whom, as sheriff-substitute of the county, this sort of investigation properly belonged, and who would certainly suffer in public opinion, should the voluntary exertions of Glossin be more successful than his own.

Actuated by motives so stimulating, and well acquainted with the lower retainers of the law, Glossin set every spring in motion to detect and apprehend, if possible, some of the gang who had attacked Woodbourne, and more particularly the individual who had wounded Charles Hazlewood. He promised high rewards, he suggested various schemes, and used his personal interest among his old acquaintances who favoured the trade, urging that they had better

make sacrifice of an understrapper or two than incur the odium of having favoured such atrocious proceedings. But for some time all these exertions were in vain. The common people of the country either favoured or feared the smugglers too much to afford any evidence against them. At length, this busy magistrate obtained information, that a man, having the dress and appearance of the person who had wounded Hazlewood, had lodged on the evening before the rencontre at the Gordon Arms in Kipple-tringan. Thither Mr Glossin immediately went, for the purpose of interrogating our old acquaintance Mrs Mac-Candlish.

The reader may remember that Mr Glossin did not, according to this good woman's phrase, stand high in her books. She therefore attended his summons to the parlour slowly and reluctantly, and, on entering the room, paid her respects in the driest possible manner. The dialogue then proceeded as follows:

«A fine frosty morning, Mrs Mac-Candlish.',

«Ay, sir; the morning's weel aneuch."

«Mrs Mac-Candlish, I wish to know if the justices are to dine here as usual after the business of the court on Tuesday?"

«I believe — I fancy sae, sir — as usual" — (about to leave the room.)

«Stay a moment, Mrs Mac-Candlish — why, you are in a prodigious hurry, my good friend — I have been thinking a club dining here once a month would be a very pleasant thing."

«Certainly, sir; a club of *respectable* gentlemen."

«True, true. I mean landed proprietors and gentlemen of weight in the county; and I should like to set such a thing agoing."

The short dry cough with which Mrs Mac-Candlish received this proposal, by no means indicated any dislike to the overture abstractedly considered, but only much doubt how far it would succeed under the auspices of the gentleman by whom it was proposed. It was not a cough negative, but a cough dubious, and as such Glossin felt it; but it was not his cue to take offence.

«Have there been brisk doings on the road, Mrs Mac-Candlish? plenty of company, I suppose?"

«Pretty weel, sir, — but I believe I am wanted at the bar."

«No, no, — stop one moment, cannot you, to oblige an old customer? — Pray do you remember a remarkably tall young man, who lodged one night in your house last week?"

«Troth, sir, I canna weel say — I never take heed whether my company be lang or short, if they make a lang bill."

«And if they do not, you can do that for them, eh, Mrs Mac-Candlish? — ha, ha, ha! — But this young man that I enquire after had a dark frock, with metal buttons, light-brown hair, unpowdered, blue eyes, and a straight nose, travelled on foot, had no servant or baggage — you surely can remember having seen such a traveller?"

«Indeed, sir, I canna charge my memory about the matter — there's mair to do in a house like this, I trow, than to look after passengers' hair, or their e'en, or noses either."

«Then, Mrs Mac-Candlish, I must tell you in plain terms, that this person is suspected of

having been guilty of a crime, and it is in consequence of these suspicions that I, as a magistrate, require this information from you, — and if you refuse to answer my questions, I must put you upon your oath."

«Troth, sir, I am no free to swear — we aye gaed to the Antiburgher meeting — it's very true, in Baillie Mac-Candlish's time, (honest man) we keepit the kirk, whilk was most seemly in his station, as having office — but after his being called to a better place than Kippletringan, I hae gaen back to worthy Maister Mac-Grainer. And so ye see, sir, I am no clear to swear without speaking to the minister — especially against ony sackless puir young thing that's gaun through the country stranger and freendless like."

«I shall relieve your scruples, perhaps, without troubling Mr Mac-Grainer, when I tell you that this fellow whom I enquire after is the man who shot your young friend Charles Hazlewood."

«Gudeness! wha could hae thought the like o' that o' him? — na, if it had been for debt, or e'en for a bit tuilzie wi' the gauger, the deil o' Nelly Mac-Candlish's tongue suld ever hae

wranged him. But if he really shot young Hazlewood — But I canna think it, Mr Glossin; this will be some o' your skits now — I canna think it o' sae douce a lad; — na, na, this is just some o' your auld skits. — Ye'll be for having a horning or a caption after him?"

«I see you have no confidence in me, Mrs Mac-Candlish; but look at these declarations, signed by the persons who saw the crime committed, and judge yourself if the description of the ruffian be not that of your guest."

He put the papers into her hand, which she perused very carefully, often taking off her spectacles to cast her eyes up to Heaven, or perhaps to wipe a tear from them, for young Hazlewood was an especial favourite with the good dame. «Aweel, aweel," she said, when she had concluded her examination, «since it's e'en sae, I gie him up, the villain — But O, we are erring mortals! — I never saw a face I liked better, or a lad that was mair douce and canny — I thought he had been some gentleman under trouble. — But I gie him up, the villain! — to shoot Charles Hazlewood — and before the young ladies, — poor innocent things! — I gie him up."

«So you admit, then, that such a person lodged here the night before this vile business?»

«Troth did he, sir, and a' the house were ta'en wi' him, he was sic a frank pleasant young man. It wasna for his spending I'm sure, for he just had a mutton-chop, and a mug of ale, and may be a glass or twa o' wine — and I asked him to drink tea wi' mysell, and didna put that into the bill; and he took nae supper, for he said he was defeat wi' travel a' the night afore — I dare say now it had been on some hellicat errand or other.»

«Did you by any chance learn his name?»

«I wot weel did I — for he said it was likely that an auld woman like a gypsey wife might be asking for him — Ay, ay! tell me your company, and I'll tell you wha ye are! O the villain! — Aweel, sir, when he gaed away in the morning, he paid his bill very honestly, and gae something to the chamber-maid, nae doubt, for Grizy has naething frae me, bye twa pair o' new shoon ilka year, and may be a bit compliment at Hansel Monanday» —

Here Glossin found it necessary to interfere, and bring the good woman back to the point.

«On than, he just said, if there comes such a person to enquire after Mr Brown, you will say I am gone to look at the skaters on Loch Creeran, as you call it, and I will be back here to-dinner — But he never came back — though I expected him sae faithfully, that I gae a look to making the friar's chicken mysell, and to the crappit-heads too, and that's what I dinna do for ordinary, Mr Glossin — But little did I think what skating wark he was gaun about — to shoot Mr Charles, the innocent lamb!»

Mr Glossin, having, like a prudent examinator, suffered his witness to give vent to all her surprise and indignation, now began to enquire whether the suspected person had left any property or papers about the inn.

«Troth, he put a parcel — a sma' parcel under my charge, and he gave me some siller, and desired me to get him half-a-dozen ruffled sarks, and Peg Pasley's in hands wi' them e'en now — they may serve him to gang up the Lawn-market in, the scoundrel!» Mr Glossin

then demanded to see the packet, but here mine hostess demurred.

«She didna ken — she wad not say but justice should take its course — but when a thing was trusted to ane in her way, doubtless they were responsible — but she suld cry in Deacon Bearcliff, and if Mr Glossin liked to tak an inventar o' the property, and gie her a receipt before the Deacon — or, what she wad like muckle better, an it could be sealed up and left in Deacon Bearcliff's hands, it wad mak her mind easy — She was for naething but justice on a' sides.»

Mrs Mac-Candlish's natural sagacity and acacquired suspicion being inflexible, Glossin sent for Deacon Bearcliff, to speak «anent the villain that had shot Mr Charles Hazlewood.» The Deacon accordingly made his appearance, with his wig awry, owing to the hurry with whicb, at this summons of the Justice, he had exchanged it for the Kilmarnock-cap in which he usually attended his customers. Mrs Mac-Candlish then produced the parcel deposited with her by Brown, in which was found the gypsey's purse. Upon perceiving the value of the miscellaneous contents, Mrs Mac-Candlish

internally congratulated herself upon the precautions she had taken before delivering them up to Glossin, while he, with an appearance of disinterested candour, was the first to propose they should be properly inventoried and deposited with Deacon Bearcliff, until they should be sent to the Crown office. «He did not,» he observed, «like to be personally responsible for articles which seemed of considerable value, and had doubtless been acquired by the most nefarious practices.»

He then examined the paper in which the purse had been wrapt up. It was the back of a letter addressed to V. Brown, Esquire, but the rest of the address was torn away. The landlady, — now as eager to throw light upon the criminal's escape as she had formerly been desirous of withholding it, — for the miscellaneous contents of the purse argued strongly to her mind that all was not right — Mrs MacCandlish, I say, now gave Glossin to understand, that her postillion and ostler had both seen the stranger upon the ice that day when young Hazlewood was wounded.

Our readers' old acquaintance, Jock Jabos, was first summoned, and admitted frankly,

that he had seen and conversed upon the ice that morning with a stranger, who, he understood, had lodged at the Gordon Arms the night before.

«What turn did your conversation take?» said Glossin.

«Turn? — ou, we turned nae gate at a', but just keepit straight forward upon the ice like.»

«Well, but what did ye speak about?»

«Ou, he just asked questions like ony ither stranger.»

«But about what?»

«Ou, just about the folk that was playing at the curling, and about auld Jock Stevenson that was at the cock, and about the leddies, and sic like.»

«What ladies? and what did he ask about them, Jock?»

«What leddies? ou it was Miss Jowlia Mannering and Miss Lucy Bertram, that ye ken

fu' weel yoursell, Mr Glossin — they were walking wi' the young Laird of Hazlewood upon the ice.»

«And what did you tell him about them?»

«Tut, we just said that was Miss Lucy Bertram of Ellangowan, that should ance have had a great estate in the country — and that was Miss Jowlia Mannering, that was to be married to young Hazlewood — See as she was hinging on his arm — we just spoke about our country clashes like — he was a very frank man.»

«Well, and what did he say in answer?»

«Ou, he just stared at the young leddies very keen like, and asked if it was for certain that the marriage was to be between Miss Mannering and young Hazlewood — and I answered him that it was for positive and absolute certain, as I had an undoubted right to say sae — for my third cousin, Jean Clavers, (she's a relation o' your ain, Mr Glossin, ye wad ken Jean lang syne?) she's sib to the housekeeper at Woodbourne, and she's tell'd me mair nor ance that there was naething mair likely.»

«And what did the stranger say when you told him all this?»

«Say? naething at a' — he just stared at them as they walked round the loch upon the ice, as if he could have eaten them, and he never took his e'e aff them or said another word, though there was the finest fun amang the curlers ever was seen — and he turned round and gaed aff the loch by the kirk-stile through Woodbourne fir-plantings, and we saw nae mair o' him.»

«Only think,» said Mrs Mac-Candlish, «what a hard heart he maun hae had, to think o' hurting the poor young gentleman before the leddy he was to be married to!»

«O, Mrs Mac-Candlish,» said Glossin, «there's been many cases such as that on the record — doubtless he was seeking revenge where it would be deepest and sweetest.»

«God pity us!» said Deacon Bearcliff, «we're puir creatures when left to oursells! — ay, he forgot wha said, 'Vengeance is mine, and I will repay it.'»

«Weel, aweel, sirs,» said Jabos, whose hard-headed and uncultivated shrewdness seemed sometimes to start the game when others beat the bush — «Weel, weel, ye may be a' mista'en yet — I'll never believe that a man would lay a plan to shoot another wi' his ain gun. Lord help ye, I was the keeper's assistant down at the Isle mysell, and I'll uphad it, the biggest man in Scotland shouldna take a gun frae me or I had weized the slugs through him, though I'm but sic a little feckless body, fit for naething but the outside o' a saddle and the fore-end o' a poschay — na, na, nae living man wad venture on that. I'll wad my best buckskins, and they were new coft at Kirkcudbright fair, it's been a chance job after a'. But if ye hae naething mair to say to me, I am thinking I maun gang and see my beasts fed» — and he departed accordingly.

The ostler, who had accompanied him, gave evidence to the same purpose. He and Mrs Mac-Candlish were then re-interrogated, whether Brown had no arms with him on that unhappy morning. «None,» they said, «but an ordinary bit cutlass or hanger by his side.»

«Now.» said the Deacon, taking Glossin by the button, (for, in considering this intricate

subject, he had forgot Glossin's new accession of rank) — « this is but doubtfu' after a', Maister Gilbert — for it was not sae dooms likely that he would go down into battle wi' sic sma' means.»

Glossin extricated himself from the Deacon's grasp, and from the discussion, though not with rudeness; for it was his present interest to buy golden opinions from all sorts of people. He enquired the price of tea and sugar, and spoke of providing himself for the year; he gave Mrs Mac-Candlish directions to have a handsome entertainment in readiness for a party of five friends, whom he intended to invite to dine with him at the Gordon-Arms next Saturday week; and, lastly, he gave a half-crown to Jock Jabos, whom the ostler had deputed to hold his steed.

« Weel,» said the Deacon to Mrs Mac-Candlish, as he accepted her offer of a glass of bitters at the bar, « the deil's no sae ill as he's ca'd. It's pleasant to see a gentleman pay the regard to the business o' the county that Mr Glossin does.»

« Ay, 'deed is't, Deacon, answered the landlady; « and yet I wonder our gentry leave their

ain wark to the like o' him. — But as lang as siller's current, Deacon, folk manna look ower nicely at what king's head's on't."

«I doubt Glossin will prove but *shand* after a', mistress," said Jabos, as he passed through the little lobby beside the bar; «but this is a gude half-crown ony way."

Corrections to the 33. Volume of the Pocket Library.

Page	8,	Line 22,	*instead of* Tken	*read*	Then
—	10	— 19	— of	—	oft
—	11	— 18	— an	—	as
—	25	— 27	*to be left out*: of the fear		
—	30	— 11	*instead of* frindship	*read*	friendship
—	33	— 15	— instan tly	—	instantly
—	44	— 9	— the	—	he
—	133	— 23	— Acorrdingly	—	Accordingly
—	144	— 13	— cloack	—	cloak
—	152	— 12	— partmanteau	—	portmanteau

POCKET EDITION

OF

ENGLISH CLASSICS.

VOL. XXXIII.

W. SCOTTS ROMANCES. Vol. 6.

ZWICKAU,
PRINTED FOR BROTHERS SCHUMANN.
1822.

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